

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE WAR CURSE OVER EUROPE

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GOODWILL TO MEN A EUROPEAN ARMY IN BEING

**The Small Beginning of a
Great Idea for the World
SOLDIERS OF WELL-DOING**

By Our Geneva Correspondent

Here is a remarkable witness to the practical value of the goodwill that is coming over the world. May it not be worth while to suggest that our idle men might follow this example while waiting for something to turn up? There is endless work they could do to serve the nation; it is all round them for those who have eyes to see.

Work is to be done in Brynmawr this summer of the kind that might transform the world.

It is goodwill made concrete.

The Service Civil International has already been described in the C.N., with accounts of its work last year in the flooded areas of France and the year before in Lichtenstein. This year it is to come to Wales, and that is Brynmawr's luck.

A New Hope

A new spirit and a new hope will be brought to these people, whose prosperity departed with the closing of the mines; and out of their town, so sadly spoiled, may come a good thing to encourage all others who believe in the common practice of friendliness as the means of saving the world.

Two years ago the Quakers realised how desperate was the plight of these people at Brynmawr and set to work to start new industries, with the result that there has been joy in the making of boots and shoes and furniture and in weaving.

But in their friendly minds was another idea, that Brynmawr, in its beautiful position high up on the Welsh hills, might become a first-class health and holiday resort and might be thus transformed by the efforts of the people themselves.

It is a big idea and a big task. Can it be accomplished? There is going to be a very good try.

The Spirit of the Trenches

This is the great opportunity for the Service Civil International to show that it really is Service, and really is International. It will bring over from the Continent to Wales between thirty and forty men and women who will pay their own railway fares, will work without wages, and will join in comradeship with their Welsh brothers. Three weeks is the minimum period for which they may join up; but a group of thirty will be always at work for the three summer months, of whom ten are from Europe, ten from Wales, and ten from England. The spirit of the trenches will be among men once more. There

The Strawberry Girl



Midsummer is strawberry time, when the luscious fruit makes its all too short appearance. This smiling girl has been gathering the ripe berries for the London market.

will be strict discipline and steady work for seven hours a day, the eighth hour being given to conferences and discussions in which all the rest of Brynmawr may join. No expense whatever falls on Wales.

The particular work that, with the help of this International Service, the people of Brynmawr are to do is to transform a tip and its dreary surroundings into a green park. They are to create a town garden where now is a vacant space. They are to make a swimming-pool. They are to pull down a couple of old houses and level the ground in preparation for a Youth Hostel. They are to create a new spirit of camaraderie.

An ounce of help is worth a ton of pity. The ounce is to be given in generous measure to Brynmawr this summer, and when September is over and the friendly foreigners return to their own countries there will be plenty of work to occupy the hearts and hands of the people of beautiful Brynmawr.

MORE TIN CANS But What Shall We Do With Them?

It is good to learn that the British canning industry is progressing rapidly.

A new Worcester can factory has just been opened, as we announced the other day, with a capacity of 100 million cans a year. It has special machinery to produce tins suitable for all sorts of vegetables and fruit.

We welcome this new industry, but cannot help wishing once more that we could have better arrangements to dispose of tin cans when they are done with. They have become a national plague, and every part of the country is littered with them.

It is high time that there was a proper organisation to dispose of this valuable material instead of leaving it to become an eyesore, a nuisance, and a danger.

The onus lies on this trade to make itself responsible for removing this stigma from it.

THE PROUD CHIEF AND HIS PEOPLE A MODEL VILLAGE

**Shembe of Africa Leads His Tribe
in the Way of Law and Order**

A KING INDEED

About a dozen miles outside Durban in South Africa is a place little known. It is the model village of Chief Shembe, and one of the best-planned and cleanest in twenty thousand miles of Africa.

In the ordinary African village there is no plan. Cattle and goats, dogs and babies, wander about or sprawl in the dust at will. Litter is everywhere and flowers are unknown.

Native Tribal Life

But at Shembe's village there are roads and pathways, all marked by white stones; there are flowers and flower-beds also edged with white stones. The huts are clean and placed according to plan. There is one large one for girls to sleep in, another for women, and others for men and boys. Married couples live in small grass huts of wattle and daub, with thatched roofs.

In native tribal life dancing is common. Shembe has kept the simple ones like our own country dances, and has laid out flat grassy plots, like tennis courts, on which they take place.

In some parts of Africa a man often has several wives, especially if he is wealthy. Shembe allows more than one wife, but he does not encourage it. His system of rule is patriarchal, probably something like that of Abraham or Jacob. His word is law. The children go to school, but only for a few years. The only children who are allowed to stay longer are his own, and his eldest son is now at the Native University College of South Africa.

Shembe and the Bible

Shembe was born of heathen parents, but in early life came in touch with missionary influence and learned to read the Bible. On succeeding to the position of Chief he set up a kind of Old Testament Christianity, the people calling themselves Christians though they belong to no Church.

Shembe makes considerable use of ritual in all his religious festivals. The people wear robes, mostly white, the pattern of the robes indicating their religious rank, and they are admitted into full religious fellowship at a ceremony of baptism by immersion. Then they go in procession, chanting some hymn which Shembe has composed, to a spot outside the village marked in the grass by coloured stones arranged in the form of a huge Maltese cross, and there listen to a sermon by Shembe himself.

It is partly native, partly Christian, a kind of stepping-stone from African heathenism to Christianity, and it is all carried out by one African Chief.

CHARMING G. F. WHO WILL FOLLOW HIM? What To Do With the Spare Room in a Country House A WEEK-END PLAN

Sometimes it is tempting to say "the wrong people always have the money." But not always. For instance, G. F. must be a rich man, and he deserves to be.

He has just written a letter to The Times because he hopes it may help other rich men to do poorer folk a good turn.

G. F. has a big country house, and he likes to pack it from Friday to Monday with young people who are at work in town all the week. They could not afford to go to hotels for a breath of fresh air, but they can squeeze out the price of a cheap week-end ticket. Do not other rich men know dozens like them, brave young people struggling to make their way in a difficult world?

Doing Away With Tipping

But, of course, many hard-up persons will refuse an invitation to a country house, however much they may long for its garden, its tennis courts, and its boathouse. They cannot afford to tip servants who minister to their comfort. G. F. has realised their embarrassment and, having talked to his staff, has placed a framed notice in the bedroom of every guest.

Sir G. F. particularly asks that no gratuities be offered to members of his household staff, who periodically receive ample payments in addition to their wages for the express purpose of compensating them for what they might otherwise receive from visitors. The staff is well satisfied with this arrangement and wishes it to be observed.

He offers the idea to other hosts who may have disliked the feeling that their guests have to pay for hospitality.

The Secret of Hospitality

It is such a good idea that it deserves to be spread. But G. F.'s letter reveals something more than a way of dealing with the tipping question; it reveals a charming personality, and we can be sure that his guests go back to their work feeling that his welcome did them as much good as the country air.

There are people who fill their houses at week-ends with guests "who may be useful" to them, rich people and influential people, people famous or notorious. These house-owners do not deserve the name of hosts, for they are traders. It is G. F., seeking out the pale student and shabby secretary, who has the secret of hospitality.

A NEW THING IN THE SKY An Airship Without Gasbags

The Royal Aeronautical Society has been hearing the story of a metal-clad airship which has safely sailed the air for two years.

It is filled with helium, which is contained within a metal skin the seams of which are riveted together. If the metal-clad container can be built on a big enough scale it will alter the outlook for airships; as the danger due to the leakage or tearing of the gasbags or the fabric envelope will be done away with. The loss of helium from the metal-clad container is so small that it only affects the lifting power of the airship to the extent of 12 pounds in every 24 hours.

A tit has built a nest inside a pump in a garden at Hassocks, Sussex, and reaches its home by going up the spout.

In Persia today there are 76 more schools for girls than there were three years ago.

HELPING LAME DOGS OVER STILES Kindness Week A HUNDRED FAMILIES HAVE A NEW CHANCE

The charitable heart of France grows larger year by year. Once a year its measurement is taken, in a Week of Kindly Deeds.

During the week just celebrated five thousand letters came to the Central Charities Bureau revealing the depths of kindness in the human heart. They did not all come from rich people, but from people in all walks of life, from men, women, and children, enclosing a few francs with a few simple words of sympathy, such as "Tell them how sorry we are" or "I should like to send more but I have only a little work."

The Spare Room

One old woman, on learning of a little seamstress who was ill, wrote that she had no money but she had a spare room in her cottage in the country; she offered it to the young woman to live in until she was well, because "I, too, sixty years ago used to be a seamstress." The sick hospitals, policemen on their beats, day labourers, school-children, commercial travellers, all contributed to the sum of 300,000 francs which was required to aid the families in distress.

Because of them one mother has now her baby again; she had placed it out to board and could not have it back until her arrears were paid. A dressmaker with many mouths to feed can now buy an electric sewing machine; a mother with sickly children is to spend three months with them by the sea. Over a hundred useful changes will be made in people's lives because of this outflowing of goodwill in Kindness Week in France.

A MAN IN A MILLION An American and His Gold Mine

By an American Correspondent

Apart from their educational endowments the people of the United States are by no means famous for thinking of the welfare of future generations.

By the ruthless way in which their forests have been sacrificed and their land worked to yield immediate returns to the pockets of the living it seems that they have fairly earned their reputation for forgetting those who will come after them. It is all the more surprising, therefore, to learn of the refusal of the owner of the One Man Mine in the State of Utah to take from the earth he owns more than enough for his needs.

The One Man Mine is immensely rich, its ore yielding £240 worth of gold to the ton. Its owner, Mr Leffler Palmer, could, by working it in the ordinary way, become one of the rich men of the world, but he sees no reason to be greedy. He believes future generations may also have need of the earth's riches, and he refuses to exploit his property to its full capacity, taking from it only the amount he requires to live comfortably. Twice a year he goes from his home at Gold Hill to Wendover, near the Nevada boundary line, and takes out a few carloads of ore.

These he sends to be smelted, and on the sale of the proceeds he lives for the next six months.

Mr Palmer regards his good fortune in owning such a mine as a form of trusteeship rather than as a patent for despotic recklessness.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Antares	An-tay-rees
Indigirka	In-dee-geer-kah
Jászberény	Yahs-bay-ray-ne
Paramaribo	Par-ah-mar-e-bo

GOLD

THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE

Is America at the Bottom
of It All?

A PROFESSOR'S VIEW

One of the most eminent of the world's political economists, Professor Gustav Cassel, has just lectured in London on the world crisis.

His view is a very clear one and not difficult to understand, and in view of the great importance of the subject we give it to our readers in brief.

He attributes the world's bad trade to the hoarding of gold in the United States and to the feverish speculation of 1929 due to that gold. The speculation in stocks and shares and commodities reached such a height that the American bankers determined to break it, and they did so at last by refusing the credits at first so freely given.

When the credits were withdrawn heavy selling by speculators followed and prices crashed like an injured aeroplane. This catastrophe gave such a shock to business in America that all confidence was lost, and, as trade consists of the activities of confident men, trade became bad.

All the World Affected

The fall in prices affected the whole world, because America plays such an important part in production and trade. It followed that the whole world suffered with America, and still suffers from a lack of credit and confidence.

These are not the professor's words, but they give the essence of his opinion as to how the storm began. Recovery is a slow business, because when men are once seriously depressed in business it takes some time for them to regain confidence in enterprise.

When we come to inquire how it is that America has received so much gold there is a very simple explanation. America collects enormous sums in Europe for war debts, and as she refuses to receive payment in many classes of goods it follows that Europe has to pay her largely in gold. This is a desperate state of things, and the opinion of the entire world is against America in the course she has taken.

A FAMILY O.M.

Proud Father and Proud Son

When the list was published of those whom the King on his birthday was pleased to honour the name of Sir William Bragg led all the rest.

He joins the small company of the O.M.s, the men of the Order of Merit. Their merit is indeed great; it is an order to which wisdom and understanding are the only passports.

The scientific world is honoured by the distinction conferred on one of its foremost sons. But another son is also honoured, and that is Professor Lawrence Bragg, the son of Sir William, who has shared so much of his father's work.

They took the Nobel Prize together for the brilliant way in which they had probed the lattice work of crystals and the make-up of molecules with the pencil of the X-ray; and in company have illuminated other fields of science.

They will feel this new honour to be a joint one, so that we should perhaps most fitly address our congratulations to Proud Father and Proud Son.

About 300 million English eggs will receive the National mark this year.

The New York Customs have seized a number of cases labelled Cotton Goods and containing morphine to the value of £400,000.

The headmaster of a well-known school has made a rule that all spectacles worn by students must have non-splintering lenses.

ARE YOU A BARREL?

Or a Wineglass or a
Test Tube?

THREE SHAPES OF BOYS

"Do you belong to the Barrel Boys, the Wineglass Boys, or the Test Tubes?" Peter Puck was asked the other day.

"Ah," he replied, and "Oh!" he said; "that's food for thought, that is. Or perhaps I should say drink for thought, with all your barrels and glasses and test tubes!"

But Peter certainly evaded the question. Dr Mumford, of Manchester, is going into the matter thoroughly. His theory (that the shape of a child's body is a greater factor in its success in life than its brain development at school) is one of the results of a series of experiments now being carried out by the educational authorities into listlessness and exhaustion among schoolchildren.

Slow But Promising

Boys are classified into three prominent types of shape. The test-tube-shaped ones are slower at their work, need more sleep, and are quicker-tempered than other boys.

Barrel-shaped boys are not quick workers, but they have cheery temperaments, while the wineglass-shaped boys include the majority who excel, without being geniuses, in school routine.

Although the test-tube boys are slow, they are not handicapped in the battle of life, as it is probable that they will outstrip the precocious geniuses.

Peter Puck still remains unclassified; for he is as quick with his wit as he is cheery with his temper.

A GOLDEN DEED

The Faith That Must Not Perish

From a New Jersey Correspondent

Because he believes it wrong that 5682 children should lose faith in savings banks Mr Evan Kimble, President of the Tradesman's Bank and Trust Company at Vineland, in New Jersey, has agreed to pay £7700.

The money is to go to the children who entrusted the Public School Thrift in the Vineland Trust Company with savings to that amount. The bank was closed last June by the State Department of Banking and Insurance, and rather than allow the children to lose their savings or their faith in banks Mr Kimble is paying them himself.

WAKE UP, HENS

Nobody is going to let the hens have an easy time, for the egg is such an attractive and useful article of diet.

By giving them two hours' treatment with ultra-violet light a 70 per cent increase in egg production has been obtained, and the General Electric Company is making special "sun lamps" which can be turned on and off automatically at 5.30 and 7.30 a.m.

Some years ago a good increase in egg production was obtained in England by giving the hens short doses of high-frequency electricity at feeding-time, and this interesting work is just now being revived in America on a large scale. One way and another the hens are to be kept busy!

THINGS SAID

I am fed up with economists.

Mr J. H. Thomas

Don't stay too long in bed.

Rev. D. R. Norman, aged 103

There must be some limit to London; I tremble to think what will happen if it reaches Yorkshire.

The Minister of Health

It is those who live in towns who suffer from loneliness and boredom, never those who have their work in rural England. Sir John Foster Fraser

June 20, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

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HOW TO DIVE • LION BY THE ROADSIDE • SCHOOLBOY ATHLETES



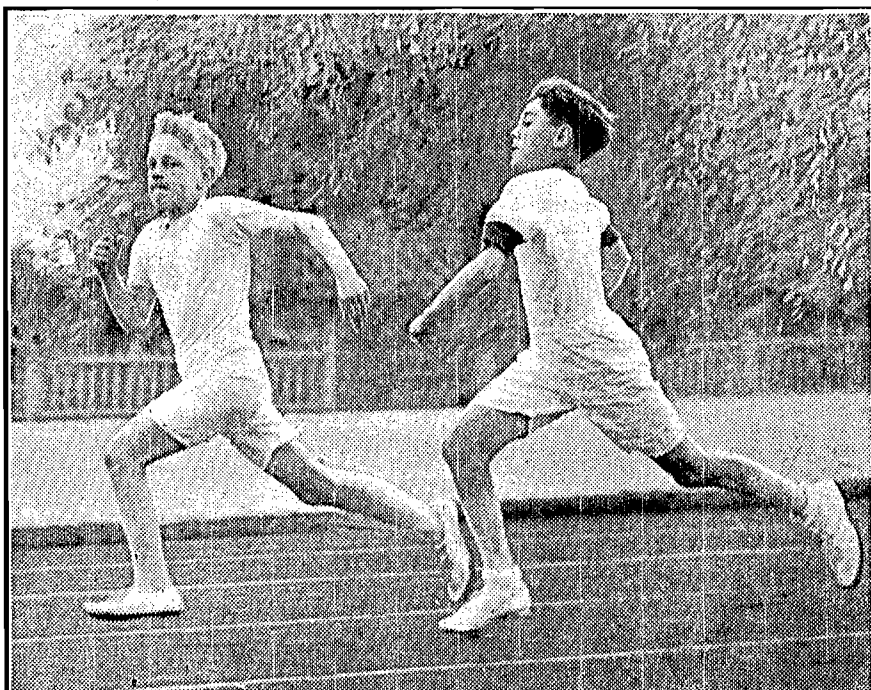
What a Motorist Saw—There are no traffic problems to worry the motorist in Tanganyika, but he may meet a lion. This picture was taken from a car on the Serengeti Plains.



A Hillside in Surrey—The country round Box Hill is a happy hunting-ground for ramblers. A party of them is here seen climbing the hill to enjoy the wonderful view from its summit.



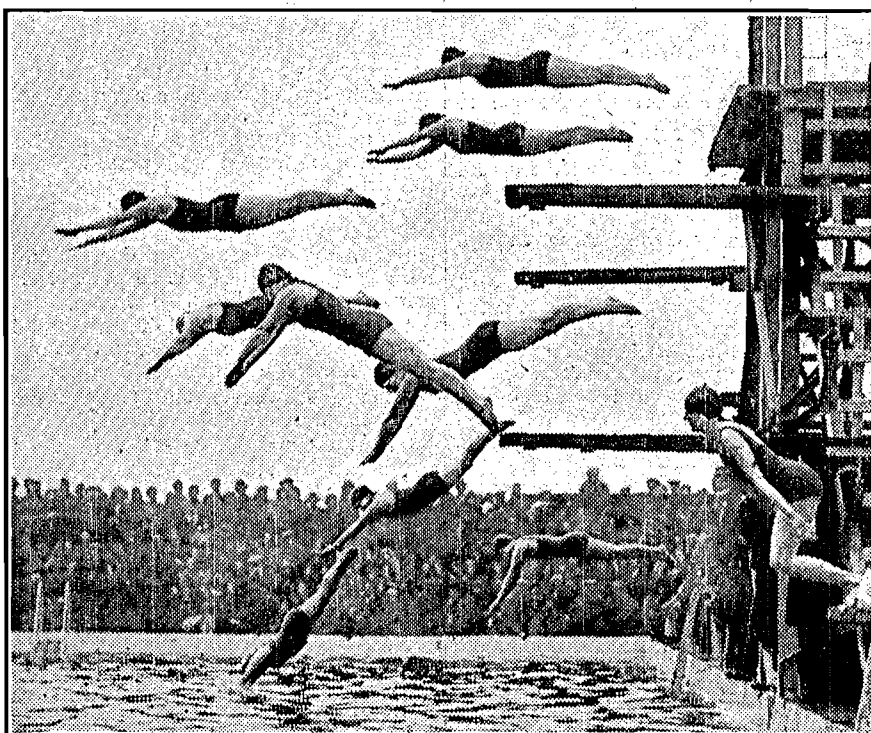
The Little Visitor—Making his first visit to the new Zoo Park at Whipsnade this little fellow found the camel to be very friendly when offered a titbit.



The Athletes—The photographer at a school's sports in London has here captured a splendid picture of the 100 yards race, with the leading boy exactly one stride in front of his rival.



The Cooling Stream—Riding across one of London's finest open spaces, Wimbledon Common, this girl gave her horse and dog a refreshing splash when taking them through Beverley Brook, much to the interest of an admiring group of paddlers.



How to Dive—When the Duke of Abercorn, Governor of Northern Ireland, opened the new bathing-pool at Bangor the other day the local swimming club gave a display of diving. This picture shows all the stages of a good dive.

THE WAR CURSE OVER EUROPE

A NEW CRISIS

**Money For Another War But
None to Pay For the Last
GERMANY'S PERIL**

While Europe is spending more money on war preparations than before 1914 a great crisis has arisen over the payments for the Great War. The pressing need for Disarmament grows clearer every hour, for America, which holds the key to the situation, is increasingly convinced that while Europe can afford such prodigious waste on armaments for a future war she can afford to pay her bills for the last one.

It is in Germany that the new crisis has arisen. Germany once more finds herself in financial trouble which is bound to affect the rest of the world.

Last summer the German Chancellor only succeeded in levying new taxation by special decree; this year the universal trade depression has made matters much worse, and there will be a deficit in the budget of about £60,000,000. Another decree adding to taxation and reducing pensions and unemployment benefits has been signed by President Hindenburg.

The Young Plan

With this decree a manifesto to the nation has been issued pointing out that Germany has done her utmost to meet her obligations and proclaiming to the world that the limit of privations imposed on the German people has been reached. This manifesto declares that the assumptions on which the Young Plan for Reparations was created have proved false.

It will be remembered that the Young Plan involved the withdrawal of all foreign troops from German soil and the undertaking by Germany to collect the Reparation money herself and pay it through an International Bank set up in Switzerland. The amount fixed for payment over fifty years was calculated on the assumption that world trade would improve early this year and that the money value of her exports would thus ease matters. Price levels have not risen, however, and America's higher tariff walls and other circumstances have made the problem so acute that it is extremely probable that Germany will claim the right to suspend her payments.

England will be affected by any default of Germany, for she relies on over £15,000,000 a year from her to hand over to America as interest on War Debts.

Disarmament and Reparations

Mr Stimson, the American Secretary of State, has been sent to Europe to discuss the question of Disarmament with the rulers of the great nations, and the subject of Reparations is bound to arise.

It seems that the Young Plan will have to be revised and America will have to be satisfied with smaller payments in gold. There is little doubt that she would be more willing to come to a new arrangement if the European countries gave less of their energies and expenditure to preparations for war and gave more evidence that they were going to make next year's Disarmament Conference a real step toward permanent peace.

COST OF THE POLICE

£180,000 a Week in London

The cost of the police in the Metropolitan area has grown remarkably, and now reaches nearly £9,000,000 a year. It consists of an army of over 20,000 men. The cost thus approaches £180,000 a week.

Despite this army of guardians, complaints are rife that there is not enough police protection. This is probably because so much of their time is taken up with the motor traffic.

LAUGHTER AT THE ZOO

A SPOTTED HYENA ARRIVES

**Baby Chimpanzee Who Does
Not Like Men**

LITTLE SEA LION

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Among the latest arrivals at the Zoo there is a young spotted or laughing hyena who is qualifying to become a well-known character.

In return for a piece of meat this animal is always willing to show off the strange characteristic of his species, and it is some time now since the menagerie last possessed a professional "laugher."

The striped hyena is usually well represented in the Gardens, but though this species can whine and howl it cannot laugh: only the spotted hyena can show his excitement by making a rather terrible noise—like the loud, mirthless laughter of a person who is suffering from hysterics.

Becoming a Pet

Both types of hyena are scavengers, with jaws strong enough to break the thighbone of an ox, and the reputation of being cowardly, surly, and untamable.

But though the striped hyena is certainly rather cowardly, for he will not attack openly but prefers to cower in a corner until he sees a chance of taking his adversary unawares, the spotted hyena will put up a brave fight; and the Zoo has often had hyenas of both species as tame and reliable as a domestic pet. The new spotted specimen is about three parts grown and will probably become a pet, for already he is reasonably amiable.

Sometimes it is difficult to persuade a laughing hyena to laugh by request, but this young hyena will burst into a peal of laughter whenever a piece of meat is dangled before him.

Another new addition to the Zoo's collection is a baby chimpanzee called Phoebe. She is a very small ape, about eighteen months old. Nothing is known about her history, but she is believed to have been reared by hand by a woman.

Baby Phoebe

Phoebe is docile and affectionate to all woman visitors. She holds out her arms as though asking to be taken out of her cage, and when this request is granted she behaves like a model Zoo pet, obeying all instructions and making no attempt to get into mischief. She loves to be nursed and petted like a human infant.

When a man tries to make friends with her Phoebe shakes hands civilly enough, but she refuses to come out of her cage; and if he tries to pet her she grows angry and bites.

She appears to be intelligent, and if all goes well is to be trained to take part in the famous Chimpanzee Tea-parties.

In the sea-lions pond there is yet another interesting arrival, a baby sea-lion, born at Whitsuntide.

He was born in one of the sleeping-caves, and has gradually been trained by his mother to follow her into the pond.

He spends most of his time in the water, and can usually be seen either swimming about with his mother or lying beside her on the rocks.

Birds are being driven away from Frensham Ponds, near Farnham, by the noise of motor-boats.

The mouth of the Yser from Nieupoort to the sea is to be a sanctuary for birds, by order of the Belgian Government.

A RING ROUND THE ELEPHANT

To Straighten-Out a Traffic Tangle

London's traffic problem becomes more acute year by year. The busiest crossing south of the Thames is at the Elephant and Castle, where six main roads converge, with traffic from the south wishing to cross the river between the Tower and Lambeth.

To relieve this immense pressure at this spot the London County Council has approved a scheme for making a new semi-circular way from Walworth Road to Newington Causeway. This link will complete a ring round the Elephant and Castle, and in this ring all traffic will move in the same direction, as in the so-called merry-go-round at Trafalgar Square. Thus it may be necessary for a vehicle to traverse almost a complete circle before turning into the road required, but it will have no dangerous crossing to make in an overcrowded area and will actually get through quicker.

To construct the new road, which will be 120 feet wide, it will be necessary to demolish a certain amount of property, and the total cost is estimated at £1,950,000, but the authorities consider it will be worth every penny. It is hoped the Ministry of Transport will make a grant from the Road Fund of 75 per cent of the cost. If so, the work will begin at once.

OUR SAFE LITTLE ISLE

The Earthquake Shock

Our small island has had a slight shaking, but there need be no fear that we shall suffer from the terrible earthquakes that spread havoc in Italy, Japan, and other lands.

Earthquakes are caused by the slipping of layers of the Earth's crust under strain and stress due to the cooling of the Earth, its revolution, and the pull of other heavenly bodies.

There are certain known lines on our globe with weaknesses in the strata forming the crust, but happily for its people England is at a distance from any of these danger zones.

Earthquakes large and small happen somewhere every day, and the scientists know of their occurrence by the record they make on a delicate instrument known as a seismograph. Our own earthquake, whose centre was in the North Sea, showed a record only half-an-inch wide, whereas earthquakes even at a long distance away give records here as much as a foot wide.

No serious damage has ever been done by an earthquake in this country, its comparatively level character and absence of volcanoes making it practically immune.

COFFEE FOR THE POLICEMAN

One of England's most humanitarian policemen is Sheffield's Chief Constable.

Sheffield, like most of the industrial cities of the North, is a very rainy place; but the traffic policemen, who might be expected to complain when rain trickles down their necks, soaks their feet, and obscures their vision, have never been known to murmur.

The reason is simple. The Chief Constable has issued a rule that whenever it rains or snows no policeman shall stand on point duty for more than two hours, and while they are directing traffic cups of steaming coffee and buns are brought to them.

Who would not be a policeman in Sheffield?

The height reached by Professor Piccard in his balloon has been stated officially to be 51,458 feet, nearly nine and three-quarter miles.

HEAVY BURDEN OF THE IDLE

THE NATION AND THE UNEMPLOYED

Proposals For Making the Insurance Fund Secure

THINGS THAT MUST BE DONE

The first report of the Royal Commission on Unemployment is so serious that the Government will have to act upon it.

The Commissioners point out that the average weekly payments are more than double the combined contributions of employed workers and their employers, while, instead of contributing its legal share of £15,000,000, the State is now paying at a rate of nearly £90,000,000 a year. The additional amount is the £35,000,000 paid to those whose claims on the fund have expired and a loan of £40,000,000 to the fund itself.

How the Debt Increases

The Insurance Fund would balance if the unemployed receiving benefits were 900,000, but there are now twice that number. The Insurance authorities already owe the State £83,000,000, and this debt increases by £1,000,000 a week, with the prospect of never being repaid.

The majority of the Commissioners state that this cannot be remedied forthwith, nor can the fund be made solvent and self-supporting without greater changes than they can at present propose. They have, however, put forward the following suggestions to make the fund more stable and to save one-third of the money spent by the Exchequer:

An increase of contributions to ninepence each for an employed man, his employer, and the State.

A reduction of benefit varying from 2s to 1s a week.

The limiting of benefit to 26 weeks.

The prohibition of unreasonable claims and the enforcement of special provision for casual and seasonal workers.

The first three suggestions would reduce the deficit by £27,000,000 and the last by £5,000,000.

Unreasonable Claims

Whatever else the Government does it must deal with this last question. Women who have married and left their trade and its area must cease to receive benefit. Workers earning high rates of pay for two or three days must be refused benefit for the rest of the week; a limit of £2 14s is suggested for a family with two children. No special benefit should be paid to those whose families can keep them.

If the Government adopts all the suggestions in this report the Exchequer will in future pay £18,000,000 in its weekly contributions, £34,000,000 transitional benefit while the figures of unemployment remain high, and lend £8,000,000 to the fund. All who wish to see the nation recover from its difficulties should help in carrying out these reasonable reforms.

WHO ARE YOU?

A short time ago we suggested that it was the duty of every good C.N. reader (and everyone else) to wear somewhere on him his name and address.

The distress caused by accidents in these days is appalling, but many anxious hours would be saved if only people would carry with them some means of identification.

Yet a reader writes from Ireland to say that in 1927 he patented a name-and-address tag which children could have pinned on them and grown-ups could slip in a pocket, but only three dozen have been bought in three years.

It seems to us an excellent idea, so we pass on the address where these tags may be bought. It is E. W. Savory, Ltd., Bristol. All schools and parents should see that their children have their name and address on them in some form.

When matter is subjected to these waves it is thrown into rapid vibration, which causes a rearrangement of its molecules. This has been done with steel, and metallurgists have found that the new arrangement of the molecules renders the steel harder and more durable. This hardening process is considered so important that a company has been formed in France to utilise it.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 20 1931

Who Will Cure This Sick World?

THAT Mind is greater than Matter in human affairs was never more acutely illustrated than at this serious time, with all the world in trouble.

Think of the position. Trade being bad, production curtailed, ships laid up, enterprise at a standstill; but Governments having, nevertheless, to carry on, taxes become terribly oppressive, and revolution breaks out in the Old World and the New. In every country the Government is blamed for world-wide adversity which clearly cannot be due to Governments alone.

And while all this trouble boils and brews and froths the world continues to spin on its axis, to revolve as usual round the Sun, and to bear on its surface precisely the same equipment for human welfare as existed before the trade trouble began.

Clearly, therefore, what has happened is that the world is not one whit less wealthy, but that the minds of men are troubled. *The world is well but men are sick.*

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" asked the desperate Macbeth of the physician. Who shall minister to the diseased minds not of one man, but of the majority of men? Who shall recall men to themselves and move them again to enterprise and action?

Materials are cheap, money can be borrowed cheaply for industrial purposes, yet men remain despondent and inactive. Verily, it would seem, they fear their fate too much.

We are convinced that leadership could do something to restore men to themselves. A voice combining eloquence with wisdom could paint the situation so that men would forget their apprehensions and again advance. In battle it has been proved again and again how one clarion voice can inspire doubtful soldiers, rally them to action, and change the prospect of imminent defeat into brilliant victory.

So it is in the eternal conflict we have to wage with material things. In battle physical strength must be allied with spiritual courage. In the economic sphere, too, there must be an inward courage if difficulties are to be surmounted.

We must not make the situation worse by letting despair feed upon itself. Each doubting individual does something to increase and prolong the depression which is bringing misfortune and misery to so many homes.

It is perfectly true that each man who is moved to new effort does something to help the nation and the world to recover from the monstrous misuse and neglect of the world's teeming wealth.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Drake's Drum

WE note that one of our admirals has been wondering in The Times what would happen if Drake could be summoned to our aid by the beating of his immortal drum.

We can tell him what would happen. There would be no sound to summon Drake, for the drum would burst.

Among the most thrilling of all our national treasures, this precious drum hangs on its walls in the fine old hall of Buckland Abbey, but it is too frail to beat, too fragile almost to touch.

Something to Think About

It is very unfortunate that the millions of newspapers printed every day do not give more attention to important matters. Let us give one striking illustration.

There is no economist in the world more entitled to be heard than Professor Cassel. The other day he took the trouble to come to London and to deliver an important lecture on the world crisis which is troubling every home in the world, by reason of which many millions of men on both sides of the Atlantic are out of work. Yet this all-important address was not fully reported in a single paper, and many papers hardly noticed it at all.

If Professor Cassel had committed a horrible murder he would have been given one, two, or three columns, with pictures of himself, his victim, his home, and his relatives. If he had organised a sweepstake he would have had whole pages for it. As his only crime was to endeavour to help the world out of its troubles he had to be content with very brief reporting.

Surely the world will make little progress while the important and the unimportant are thus treated in our newspapers.

Little British Slaves

WE are surprised that it is possible, with the present Government in power, for Sir John Simon to declare that there are still thousands of girl slaves in Hong Kong.

The C.N. has taken its share in the crusade for setting free these little Mui-Tsai slaves, and has been willing to believe that the Government is earnest in its determination to end this ancient scandal. We believe that much has been done, that thousands of these girls have been registered and given a chance of freedom; but it will be a blot on the record of our democratic Government if its life should come to an end before the last slave in Hong Kong has been set free beyond all doubt and equivocation.

It is no use talking about difficulties; England expects that the Colonial Office this day will do its duty. In this country we do not like slavery or Governments which allow it.

5000

OUR League Correspondent in Geneva has just received the daily communiqué from the League of Nations with the number 5000 on it. Every day these documents arrive by post, sometimes one, sometimes several, sometimes interesting, sometimes dry-as-dust, and from them come some of the notes for the C.N.

More than 5000 of them, each with its different piece of news, have now been sent out by the Information Section of the Secretariat.

Here Again

Again in vain the daisies come. Above their heads the airships hum, And much is known that once was dark; But still there's none (they tell the lark) To sing so well, or praise them so, As Chaucer did in long ago.

Tip-Cat

ANY man can live to be a hundred, declares a doctor. But it takes him all his time.

A CRITIC says that modern youth prefers taking to giving. Prefer still better overtaking.

AN instrument has been invented which is said to be an improvement on the saxophone. We can quite believe it.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the pavement artist looks down on his work

A MILLINER has labelled her creations *The Last Word*. Hope they are not loud.

YOUNG people are never right in the eyes of their elders. Even if they are right under their noses.

WHAT is the first thing to do when learning to drive a car? asks a correspondent. Get into it.

A SPEAKER says he never does things by halves. Never even takes a half-holiday.

WHY do some books sell while others don't? asks an author. Because people buy them.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A NEW discovery of tungsten plating promises to preserve all metals from rust or stain.

A GARDENER of Peterborough has bequeathed his life's savings of £1000 to Peterborough Memorial Hospital.

JUST AN IDEA

Is not the mania of offering something for nothing bringing far too many of our papers and institutions to the moral level of the bookmaker?

A Prayer For Britannia

O Thou, by whose almighty nod the scale

Of Empire rises, or alternate falls, Send forth the saving virtues round the land

In bright patrol: white peace and social love;

The tender-looking charity, intent On gentle deeds and shedding tears through smiles;

Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind; Courage, composed and keen; sound temperance,

Healthful in heart and look; clear chastity,

With blushes reddening as she moves along,

Disordered at the deep regard she draws;

Rough industry; activity untired, With copious life informed, and all awake;

While in the radiant front superior shines

That first paternal virtue public zeal, Who throws on all an equal wide survey

And, ever musing on the common weal, Still labours glorious with some great design.

Written by James Thomson in the 18th century

Unfinished Westminster

Is there not far too much criticism in these days of the building regulations of the London County Council?

It is a matter of the highest importance to everybody that buildings should be safe, and, as for regulations, we should like to see more, to keep our buildings not only safe but beautiful.

We have to live with our buildings. They make or mar our cities. They can be either beautiful, like the new offices by the Thames, a fine gift to London, or ugly, like the unfinished Central Hall at Westminster, one of the tragedies of the last generation.

A very little more regulation would surely have averted the blunder by which this building, set up by the enthusiasm of Wesleyans all over the country, reached such a pitiful climax. Unfinished through some miscalculation or misunderstanding, it remains unfinished still, an imposition on London, a blot on the most sacred shrine in our Motherland, and a disgrace to all concerned.

The Song of the Birds and the Wind

This is the song of the birds in the bowers, This is the song of the wind in the reeds.

Scatter in childhood kind words and deeds, Scatter them everywhere through all the hours;

Whether sky brightens or whether cloud lowers,

Their blossoms shall come to thee ere summer speeds.

Scatter in springtime a handful of seeds,

And gather in summer a lapful of flowers.

Down by the roadside and over the meads,

Under the sunshine and under the showers,

Scatter in springtime a handful of seeds,

And gather in summer a lapful of flowers

By a Writer Unknown

June 20, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

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A BURNING DISGRACE THE CELLULOID TOY AGAIN

How Can Parliament Be Moved
To Do Something For Baby?

INDIFFERENCE AT WESTMINSTER

Everybody knows that the Celluloid Toy is a burning disgrace.

From time to time a baby is burned to death through it. Then a cry is raised at the coroner's inquest to ask why something is not done to prevent this cruel sacrifice of an innocent life. Then and there the matter is again forgotten till another martyred baby joins the roll of those who have gone before.

The last victim was a tiny thing not a year old who had been left to play on the hearthrug near the fire with a long celluloid trumpet in her hand. The mother returned to find her little girl, with her clothes on fire, waving the flaming trumpet in her hand. The Liverpool coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death. We should call it child slaughter.

The Usual Answer

Sometimes the tragedy reaches a higher court than that of the coroner. Another verdict of accidental death was returned when Ida Hallam, aged a year and a half, died of the burns she received when the celluloid doll with which she had been playing caught alight. This tragedy came to the ears of the House of Commons.

Mr Shillaker, the member for Acton, asked the Home Secretary whether in view of this accident he would consider the introduction of legislation to prohibit the manufacture of celluloid toys for children.

To that the Home Secretary's deputy returned the usual parliamentary and thoroughly unsatisfactory answer which other Home Secretaries before him have produced. He was afraid that legislation on the lines suggested was impracticable.

Dangers Admitted

In order to placate the Member for Acton, who was of his own party, he added consolingly that the danger of celluloid toys was considered by a Royal Commission eight years ago. He referred Mr Shillaker to some paragraphs in their Report.

Poor Mr Shillaker! If, like the C.N., he looked up the paragraphs of the Report he would find little satisfaction in them.

All through this Report the dangers of celluloid—this substance "so highly inflammable"—are freely admitted and even emphasised. When we come to the pertinent paragraphs to which Mr Shillaker was referred we find the Commission growing rather wobbly. Dr Waldo, the City of London coroner, and his juries had recommended that all celluloid articles should be labelled Inflammable or Dangerous. The Commission did not feel it could go so far as this.

The Recommendation

But it did recommend that some articles, like cuffs and collars and hair combs, should be marked Inflammable and that the same precaution "as far as practicable" should be applied to toys made wholly or mainly of celluloid in view of their extensive use by children.

Why all this trumpery niggling with an urgent necessity? If children are burned alive through playing with celluloid toys why should any decent human being object to the labelling of the toys as Dangerous?

Further, if such toys are so dangerous that playing with them is only a degree less deadly than playing with gunpowder, why are children allowed to have them at all?

Why is the dangerous celluloid toy allowed to exist?

There is only one answer. It is that somebody is making money from its sale, and that our legislators are too

THE JAY GOES WALKING ON

FLORENTINES have been walking down the middle of their streets for so many centuries that it never occurs to any of them to make way for such a thing as a motor-car.

Most reasonable people are all for the pedestrian when he is sensible, but what are we to do with these Jay Walkers who go about anyhow anywhere?

The other Sunday morning Nello was driving the family home from church; nobody was in a hurry. Down the Via Tornabuoni came a man reading his newspaper, walking, as usual, in the middle of the road. Nello was rolling

along silently and slowly. He saw the man coming, and, after glancing behind to be sure nobody was following, he stopped his car dead still. On came the pedestrian, his face hidden from view, until—Bump! He skinned his legs on the bumper and just saved himself from sprawling over the radiator.

"Why did you not blow the horn?" he shouted in great indignation.

"I did not like to interrupt your reading," replied Nello in a perfectly sweet tone, chuckling at the thought of having had a mild revenge on the whole race of heedless people.

THE BLACK SPECK IN A WHITE WORLD



Here the flag is waving near the ventilator of Mr Courtauld's snow-house in which he lived for six months and was a prisoner for six weeks of that time



Here the leader of the rescue expedition is calling out to Mr Courtauld

It was a black speck in the great white world of the Arctic that revealed the address of Mr Courtauld to his rescuers. They found him down in a snow-house heaped up with snow-drifts beyond all hope of excavation from within, and only the top of the ventilator could be seen. But it was enough; they dug him out and he is well.

Continued from the previous column

timid, or too overcome with respect for money-making, to interfere with it.

This is money that is unclean to handle. It is soiled with innocent blood. Those who sell celluloid toys and those who permit their sale cannot plead ignorance, for the dangers have been fully realised for nearly twenty years, and on the C.N. table is a pamphlet published by the British Fire Prevention Committee 17 years ago in which they are all set out.

The dangerous celluloid film continues to threaten the lives of thousands because it is cheaper than the Safety Film.

The celluloid toy is allowed another lease of life, though it continues to take it in its yearly massacre of the innocents.

And Parliament goes on talking.

A NEW METAL

What Can Be Done With It?

The C.N. has often described the wonderful uses that have been found for once rare metals which have eventually become quite cheap.

We wonder what use will be found for one of the rarest of all metals, indium, the first pound of which was made the other day at Cleveland, Ohio. The price of this pound of metal is £1400, ten times the price of platinum, but up to the present neither chemists nor engineers have found a use for it. It is quite likely, nevertheless, that, once having found out how to prepare indium on a big enough scale, those responsible for the extraction will discover something it is good for.

THE ISLAND GERMANY SOLD TO US

WHAT HAS BEEN HAPPENING THERE

A Generation of Service in
Freeing Men at Pemba

THE RIGHT SORT OF WAR

Thirty miles off the coast of East Africa, just north of Zanzibar, is the island of Pemba, about as big as the Isle of Wight.

With Zanzibar it was accepted from Germany at the end of last century in exchange (or payment) for Heligoland, the fortifying of which was one of the chief factors in bringing about the war.

For many dreary years it was the great centre of the slave trade, for to Pemba the Arab slave raiders brought their human goods from the mainland, either to work on the clove and coconut plantations or to transport the more able-bodied as slaves to Arabia, Persia, and Turkey.

Two Quaker Missionaries

When the British Government took over responsibility for Zanzibar and Pemba slavery was nominally abolished, but it was some years before the trade in human beings entirely ceased.

The need of hurrying up this process, and of educating those who had been slaves, worried the Quakers in England, and they decided, in 1896, to send out two of their number to see what could be done.

They were Henry Stanley Newman (father of Sir George Newman, our Chief Medical Officer, who has done such wonderful work for British children) and Theodore Burt, a Lincolnshire Quaker farmer. Except for brief holidays in England, Theodore Burt has worked in Pemba ever since until March of this year. He has just returned to England, at 68, to enjoy a well-earned rest.

A Wonderful Story

If it was not a story of stirring adventure that he told a C.N. correspondent who saw him in London it was a wonderful story of 34 years of self-sacrificing labour. One of the first things Theodore Burt did was to buy a clove and coconut plantation, which served as a refuge for runaway slaves. A few months after his arrival all slaves were declared legally free, but they had to go before the court and prove their identity, not an easy matter for a slave. Theodore Burt would go with them and argue their case against their Arab masters.

How things have changed is shown by the fact that when Mr and Mrs Burt were entertained by the British officials on the island just before they left there were among the guests some of the very Arabs who had, a generation ago, tried to retain the slaves Mr Burt succeeded in setting free.

One of the most precious possessions of the Friends Industrial Mission in Pemba is a book containing full particulars of a thousand Negroes who were freed from slavery directly through the efforts of Mr Burt.

Teaching the Children

Since that time the Quaker missionaries have been teaching the old slaves and their children to read and write and earn their living.

Mr Burt's work is being carried on by three married couples. In charge of his own particular work at Banani is John Brocklesby, a Yorkshire Quaker, who was among the 34 conscientious objectors to the war who in 1916 were hurried over to France by the War Office against the orders of the Prime Minister and were condemned to death because they refused to kill their fellows. Happily the sentence was not carried out, though they served a long term of imprisonment. John Brocklesby is now gladly engaging in a sort of warfare to which none can object—for the spiritual and physical well-being of men and not for their destruction.

FARMER BELEZNAY AND WHAT HE IS LOOKING FOR

The Grave of a Conqueror
Under the River

WHAT ANDREW WILL DO IF HE FINDS IT

By Our Hungary Correspondent

The other day a visitor to the little country town of Jászberény, in Hungary, heard a fragment of conversation between two men in the street which interested him so much that he stopped to ask them about the subject of it.

"Excuse me," he said, "but would you mind telling me who is the person you are talking of?"

"Why, Farmer Andrew Beleznay," they answered, "the man who is looking for Attila's grave. Have you never heard about him?"

"Do you mean Attila the leader of the Huns?"

"Of course. Who else?"

A Short, Spare Man

Seeing the stranger's interest they told him where Andrew Beleznay lived; and that very afternoon he walked out to the outskirts of the town where, in a little whitewashed, straw-thatched cottage, he found a short, spare man with intelligent eyes and work-worn hands who looked astonishingly young for his seventy-five years.

"Is it true that you are looking for Attila's grave?" he asked him.

"Yes, it is true. And I shall find it too."

Asked how he had come to start on his quest he told how, 30 years before, someone had lent him a book about Attila and how he had at once been interested in it, because he had always known that the great Hun chief had had his home in that neighbourhood.

"How did you know that?" asked the visitor.

"I had it from my father, who had it from his father, and so on, back and back who knows how long?"

A Curious Discovery

This being so, Andrew Beleznay had felt a sort of proprietary interest in Attila; an interest in which he had been confirmed by a curious discovery. He found in the book which had been lent to him that Attila had a fool whose name was Cerec.

Now in Jászberény and its environs the word Cerec is to this day used to designate a fool. Nowhere else in all Hungary is this word used or even known, and this, according to Farmer Beleznay, is pretty good proof that Attila and his fool must have lived in that neighbourhood. Having once had his interest aroused he read other books, all he could lay hands on; and so he came on a description of Attila's interment. He read that according to old chronicles the body had been placed in a triple coffin of gold, silver, and iron, and buried in the bed of a river where the waters divided into two branches.

Faith and Enthusiasm

He spent long months searching for the exact spot which corresponded to this description, and is quite certain that he has found it at last and that if only he could begin digging he would find the fabulous triple coffin with Attila's bones and much treasure besides.

But that, of course, is not so simple. To be able to dig at the bottom of a stream you must dam its waters so as to leave the river-bed dry. For this the permission of the authorities had to be obtained as well as that of all the land-owners whose properties skirt the banks. This took some time; but Andrew Beleznay's faith and enthusiasm swept away all obstacles, and at last he was free to go ahead.

He hired 20 men, who worked for many days building up a dam, only to find it

THE RICH TO HELP THE POOR

A League Guarantee For
Farmers

SOMETHING NEW IN GENEVA

Geneva, long known as a city of banks, is to have another of quite a new kind, an international bank for lending money on special terms to farmers.

This is part of a scheme for helping the agricultural countries of Eastern Europe which have had particularly bad luck. An International Credit Company is to be formed under the League of Nations, guaranteed by various Governments and supported by certain banks. It will borrow up to fifty million gold dollars by means of bonds and will lend this to farmers who will use it to improve their farms, set up necessary machinery, and distribute their sales more evenly throughout the year.

This will mean more money to spend, so that more money will go to the factories and workshops which provide the goods for the farmers to buy.

The advantage of the scheme, carefully thought out and planned by the League's Financial Committee, is that rich countries lend money to an international centre from which poor ones borrow it without being placed under any obligation beyond the necessary one of paying for the use of it.

SEEING THE DOCKS

A Chance For Everybody

Hundreds of schoolchildren are going to have the time of their lives during the present summer.

The Port of London Authority is running a regular steamer to the heart of Dockland. Every Wednesday afternoon it leaves Tower pier and makes a tremendously interesting cruise through the historic Pool of London, the busy reaches of Limehouse, Greenwich, Blackwall, Woolwich, and Gallions. The tour ends with an inspection of the largest of the five great dock systems of the Port.

The success of the occasional Dockland excursions last year was so great that Londoners and visitors from the provinces and overseas are now all wanting to make the trip. As the return fare is only 3s 6d, and reduced fares are allowed for organised parties, this delightful opportunity is within the reach of every boy and girl.

Continued from the previous column

cut through one night by some foreign market-gardeners who, knowing nothing of the great question at issue and caring less, thought only of their tomatoes and cabbages. This put a stop to the venture for the time being, but Farmer Beleznay has not given up, oh dear no! He has mortgaged his cottage for £20, and if he can sell his corn he hopes to have a sufficient sum to start work again as soon as the spring floods are over.

"Meanwhile I watch the water," he said. "I know that Attila's grave is there, and before I die I hope to bring it to the surface."

"That will mean great wealth for you, the finder," said the visitor. "What will you do with so much money?"

"Mend the roof of my cottage," answered the old man. "Other wants I have none."

As the visitor walked back to the town he thought of many things. He thought how vital a force history is to those who touch it first, not through the printed page, but through the living chain of their ancestors. Also, that it is rather unfair to call our age a material one while it can produce such selfless dreamers as Farmer Beleznay.

SECRETS OF THE MAYAS

News From the Jungle

Out of the forests and the entangling jungle of British Honduras the ancient Maya civilisation which flourished and was lost there is struggling back to light.

New relics of it have been disclosed by Mr Athol Joyce's expedition, and in part now are being brought to the British Museum, to join those which Mr Alfred Maudslay found and deposited there more than 40 years ago.

It was Maudslay who first disclosed the importance of the great Maya semi-civilisation, which is believed to have been at its height some 1500 years ago, when the Roman-British civilisation was crumbling in England after the departure of the Romans.

The importance of his discoveries was not at first realised, and the casts that he made of Maya inscriptions and monuments, which now form so strange an exhibit in one of the upper galleries of the museum, lay neglected for some 30 years in its cellars.

Maudslay spent 13 years in the Central American forests in researches, going there seven times. Mr Athol Joyce has been there twice, and his latest discoveries, apart from temples, pyramids, and their sites, are largely stone weapons and implements, pottery and stone inscriptions, and carvings.

The Maya language and writing are still a mystery. The bulk of the old Maya books were burned centuries ago by a Spanish bishop; and it is largely on the inscriptions on stone that we depend for making out the history of this lost and forgotten people.

STEALING A RIDE ON THE TRAM

A Terrier Gets a Lift

We have just received this story from New South Wales of a fox terrier in Sydney who found a good way to travel from one part of the city to another.

His owner lives at Mosman, a fashionable suburb across the harbour, which is approached by a hill a mile and a half long. The terrier frequently has to come home alone from the city, and has learned to look after himself with as much cunning as a street urchin. This is how he avoids walking up the hill to Mosman, which he has from experience found to be long and trying.

He crosses the harbour by the ferry steamer, and, slipping through the turnstiles, makes for the starting-place of the trams for Mosman. As soon as a tram starts he jumps on the footboard and rides till a stop is reached; then he jumps down and hides under the footboard. When the tram continues he hops on again, and so on till it reaches the top of the hill, where he jumps off for the last time and runs barking to push open the white gate of the house where he lives.

He really need not take such precautions, for the conductors know all about his ways and rather enjoy his antics; but he continues to hide when he thinks they might push him off, and probably thinks himself no end of a clever fellow.

WHAT TO DO WITH A PRISON

Put Girl Guides Into It

Girl Guides in Manawa, Wisconsin, are going to prison, not because they are bad but because they are good.

The old stone gaol is being remodelled into a club-house for them, leaving the village without a lock-up. In the rear is a cell which they will also modernise as soon as they can get it open.

It was locked with a padlock when the last tenant was released, and nobody has been able to find the key.

THE VILLAGE THAT WILL DISAPPEAR

CITY WATER SUPPLY
TO DROWN IT

What Manchester is Doing
With a Great Lake

CHURCH AND FARM AND VICARAGE DOOMED

The French composer Debussy, in one of his beautiful works, sounds once again for us the bells of a church drowned by the waters of the sea. Soon in imagination only will the natives of the Westmorland village of Mardale hear their church bell ring out its call to prayer.

A mile away in the lovely valley where Mardale village has stood for centuries lies Hawes Water, a lake over two miles long. From its eastern bank rise the steep wooded slopes of Naddle Forest, and on the south tower the mountains of Raise Whelter and High Street. High Street takes its unusual name from the road the Romans built on its top, 2700 feet above the sea—surely the highest road in England.

Biggest of English Lakes

Manchester, ever growing in her need for water, has planned to use this lake as a reservoir, making it 90 feet deeper by building a great dam. Cottage and farm, church and vicarage, will then disappear for ever below the surface of the great lake. The forefathers of the village will sleep on in their last resting-places, a great sheet of concrete being set over the ancient churchyard.

We regret very much the passing of this old place, and we sympathise with all who lived among and loved its haunts of peace.

The great dam will make Hawes Water the biggest of English lakes, and, with Lake Thirlmere just across the wild hills, will make Manchester secure for water for generations to come. Roads have been made over the steep fells to connect the little community with the nearest towns, for these transplanted families will have to live in Mardale for at least 12 years. Another road is being made so that heavy motor-lorries may travel, by way of Shap, right to the site of the dam.

A Threefold Scheme

How long will this colossal task last? Many experts say 30 years; Manchester says she will do it in half that time. The scheme is threefold. The five-mile tunnel to bring the lake water through the solid hill of rock called Gray Crag will take at least five years; the dam is estimated to take seven years; and the aqueduct, over 80 miles long, will take several years to build.

To bore the tunnel in five years the work must proceed on both sides of the 2000-foot mountain range. The first shor was fired six months ago, and only 300 yards have yet been driven into the iron-like rock; from the Mardale end no progress at all has been made.

How the Tunnelling is Done

The tunnelling is being done by a battery of drills mounted on a carriage. The apparatus is set in motion, and the drills roar into the rock; and before one foot is bored the sharp steels are blunted and must be replaced. Twenty-eight holes are drilled for each blasting, each seven feet deep, and it sometimes takes 250 steels for one blasting. Ninety pounds of blasting are inserted into these holes, stick by stick, fired by a special magneto machine on the face of the mountain. Then an electric locomotive pushes a "slusher" into the tunnel, which automatically collects the scattered rock.

Ten hours are taken with this process, and then the drills start work all over again—six feet deeper into the crag.

To make the tunnel watertight, it will first be lined with liquid cement.

June 20, 1931

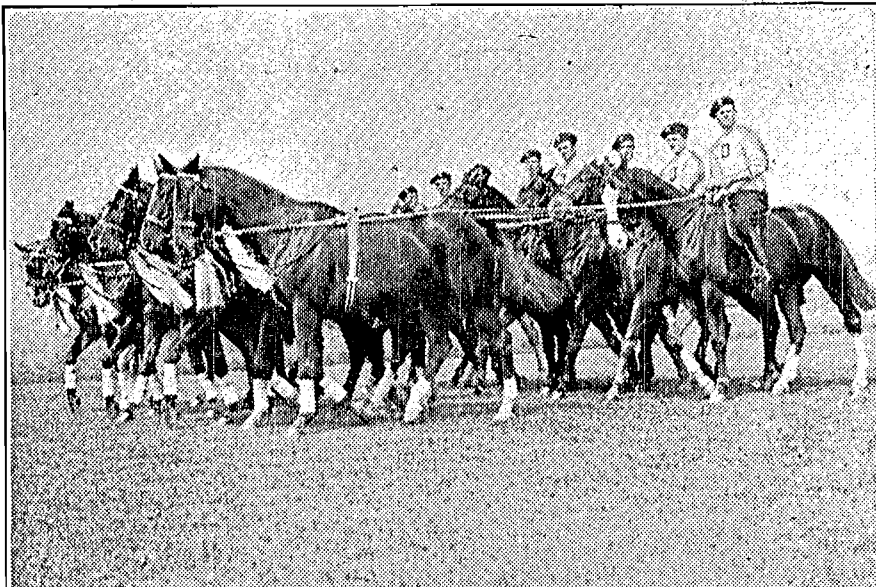
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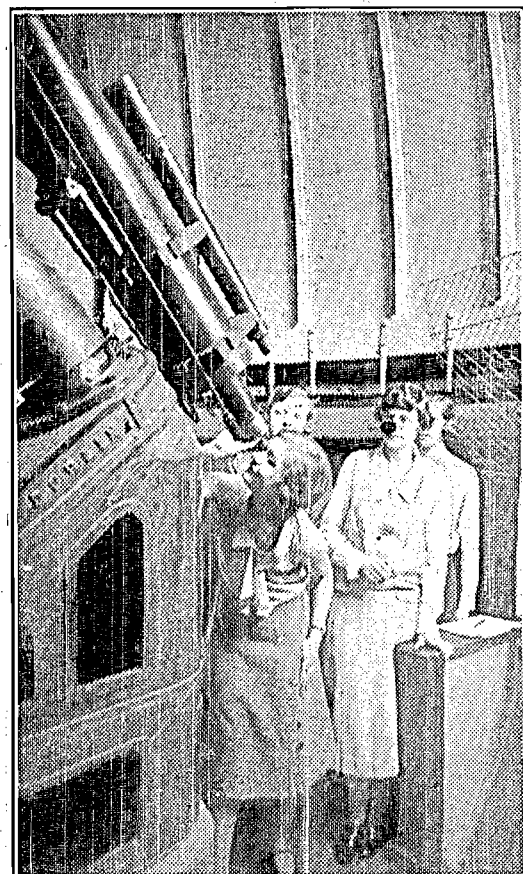
HORSES AT SCHOOL • IN A CAVE OF ICE • GIRL ASTRONOMERS



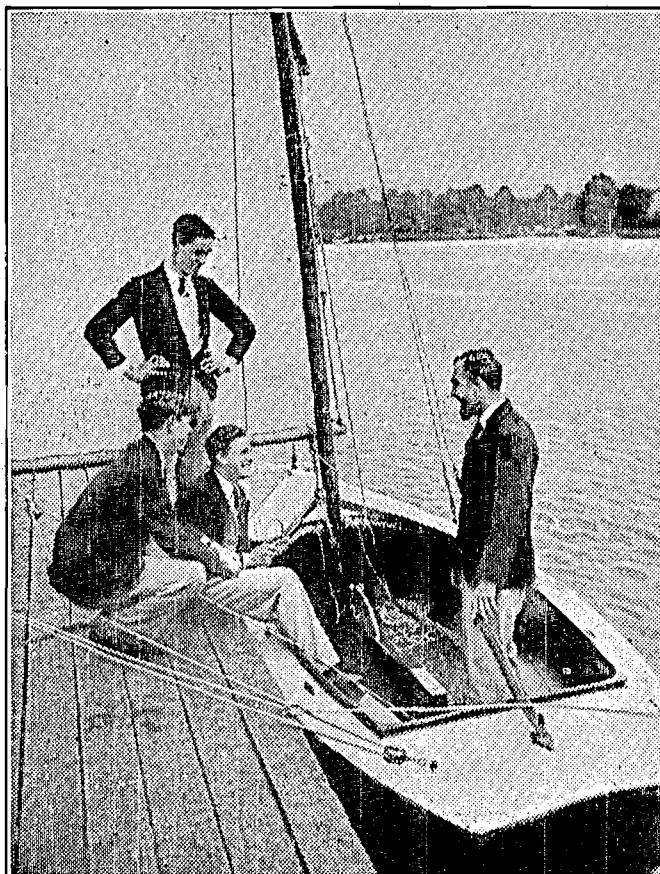
A Cave of Ice—During the voyage of the Royal Research Ship Discovery II, which has just returned to London from the Antarctic, this picture was taken when some of the explorers were in an ice cave at Doumer Island in the Palmer Archipelago.



Horses at School—This is not a circus display, but London Mounted Policemen training their splendid horses at Imber Court for coming shows. Whenever a great crowd collects in the London area the horses of the police are much admired.



Women Astronomers—When the Queen opens the extension of Bedford College, London, next Wednesday she will see the astronomical telescope which is shown here being used by some of the students.



Harrow Sailors—A master of Harrow School who was at one time a naval officer is teaching some of the boys the art of seamanship. This picture shows him giving instruction in handling a yacht at Bourne End.



Ten Little Fishermen—The earnest concentration of these boys at Queensmere Lake, Wimbledon, suggests that they are trying to outdo one another in the size of their catch of the tiny fish called tiddlers.



The Useful Tramcar—These Glasgow tramwaymen are studying a big model of a busy street, which calls attention to the fact that in the rush hours one tramcar carries as many passengers as 27 ordinary motor-cars are able to accommodate.



Folk-Dancing in Sussex—In the Sussex village of Sutton dances are performed in the street on the annual folk-dancing day. As seen on the right of this picture the music is supplied by a villager with an accordion.

FREEDOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM SIR FREDERIC KENYON'S PRIDE

An Old City Guild Remembers an Old Bloomsbury House LIVING MUSEUMS

One of the charming things that link England with the past and are the envy of new countries happened the other day, when Sir Frederic Kenyon, who had been for so long the Director of the British Museum, was presented with the Freedom and Livery of the Worshipful Company of Stationers.

This sounds like a line of blank verse, and in a way it has a touch of poetry, for this ancient guild, formed in 1556 to watch over the printing of books, gave the greatest honour it could to the man who had been the proud warden of some of England's greatest treasures in books and stone and gold and silver.

Just to See the Mummies

If the C.N. could wish a supreme happiness and honour to any of its readers it would be to give them what Sir Frederic Kenyon has had, the Freedom of the British Museum. We are obliged to admit the sad truth that to the majority of people the museum is a dull place enlivened by the presence of a number of Egyptian mummies. We have heard boys from famous public schools, who can read Virgil and the Iliad and understand something of Relativity, say: "I should like some time to go to the British Museum, just to see the mummies." And we have felt proud to think that there are readers of the C.N. with a hundredth part of the privileges of these young men who wander into the British Museum whenever they have time, and have in their hearts and spirits far more appreciation of the world's beautiful things than these fortunate youths. Sir Frederic Kenyon has seen them in the various halls, and been glad to know they were there.

Our Inheritance

It takes a lifetime to learn one's way about this great place and know all its departments, and even then one might think one had just begun to learn; but the happiness that comes from making the museum treasures part of one's own private collection is there today, tomorrow, for anybody.

For they are all ours, our inheritance from ancestors who gloried in the making and owning of beautiful things. They have lain about here and there for centuries, and for about a hundred years we have been collecting them and housing them in halls called by the dull name of museums. But we are beginning to understand that they are of an immeasurable value, to be seen and loved by passing generations and left there for the future for those who, like ourselves, may share this bounty and have the Freedom of this glorious company.

FOR THE HANDY MAN

Handcraft in Wood and Metal. By J. Hooper and A. J. Shirley. Batsford. 10s 6d.

Although this work is intended primarily for the teacher of handcrafts there is much in it that is of general interest. Several chapters are devoted to descriptions of how to make objects in wood and metal. These take the pupil by easy stages from simple models to quite ornamental pieces of furniture and other objects.

Then there are chapters dealing with the historical side of craftwork and the early forms and development of tools; and much interesting information is given about decorative processes and the materials used in handcraft work, and so on.

Numerous illustrations make the book easy to follow.

JOHN SMITH OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

It is three hundred years since the death of Captain John Smith, the hero of the Chief Scout and of all Scouts and all boys everywhere. His is one of the first great names in the rise of our British Commonwealth, and this is his story.

JOHN SMITH was a Lincolnshire farmer's son, born at Willoughby in 1580. He came into England in her most heroic age, when the island was battling for her very life. He saw the beacon fires that announced the coming of the Spanish Armada; he heard the stories that his uncle told of Francis Drake, with whom he fought.

And so, even while he was at school at Alford and Louth, his imagination always heard the sea a-calling; and at 13 he sold his books and satchel to get money to take him to sea.

Misfortune after misfortune befell him. He was wrecked at sea and robbed on land; he found himself starving and in rags; he fell into a river and was almost drowned; he was thrown overboard by a boatful of superstitious people. He went out to fight the Turks, and then, at the siege of Limbach, he distinguished himself by a feat of which any Boy Scout would now be proud. The town was cut off by 20,000 Turks, and it was John Smith who saved it by signalling with flaming torches in a sort of Morse code, two centuries before Morse was born.

To Follow Drake and Raleigh

Astonishing were the adventures of John Smith among the Turks, but really he hated war and would fight only in great causes, and what we love him for is his dauntless courage, his splendid honesty, and his love of his own country.

He had been through all these adventures when at last he was picked up for dead on a battlefield, wearing rich armour which suggested the possibility of ransom, and led to his being sold into slavery and marched to Constantinople. After astounding experiences there, and on his way home, behold him once more in England with an unparalleled record of adventure behind him, tired of war, but aglow with ambition to follow Drake and Raleigh, and yet, even yet, but 24 years old!

The Indomitable John

His great adventure now was to join the expedition for peopling Raleigh's colony of Virginia, the land which up to then had sent its English colonists to the grave or home again in ruin. He staked his life in this enterprise, sailing with a hundred men, mostly ne'er-do-wells and thriftless sons of needy gentlemen, under a captain who carried sealed orders as to how the government should be formed on their arrival.

The voyage was long and slow, and Smith's voice was soon raised in protest against the waste of time and food; so the others clapped him into chains, and erected a gallows on which they would have hanged him if they dared, but when the sealed orders were opened, lo! this indomitable John Smith was found to be named as one of the council.

Plague and famine fell upon them, and Smith was stricken with the rest, but as soon as he recovered he set to

work to save the colony. John made the rest fell trees and build houses and defences, while he did the buying, storing, toiling, adventuring, urging on, a giant among dwarfs.

It was too late for a corn harvest, so he risked his life for the remainder by going among the treacherous Indians to exchange goods for food. Everything was left to him; none but he had energy, courage, and initiative. The betrayal of his instructions by his craven crew led to his capture far up the bay, and for several weeks he was in hourly danger of torture and death.

Pocahontas

Finally he was handed over by one petty king to a superior king, Powhatan. This king had a daughter, Princess Pocahontas, then about 15. Her heart went out in love and pity to the handsome paleface, and when Powhatan gave orders that John's brains should be dashed out with clubs upon a stone Pocahontas darted forward and flung her arms so fast around the Englishman's neck that they could not drag her away. Her entreaties saved our hero's life. She was the good angel of Virginia, and John Smith was to her as a god.

When he came to leave Virginia his enemies told the Indian princess he was dead, and, almost broken-hearted, she married a colonist named John Rolfe. With him she came to England, and it is said that when she met John Smith again the outburst of emotion broke her heart.

She stayed over here and developed consumption, and in March, 1617, this sweet Red Indian princess was laid to rest in Gravesend Church.

Her son went back to Virginia, where he married, becoming the father of children whose descendants live still.

Never did any enterprise depend upon one man more utterly than the fate of Virginia depended on John Smith. He inspired the colonists; he made them plant and build; he extended the boundaries of the settlement, he built up a system of trade. He made his colonists work, or if they did not work he kept food from them; he made profane men decent in their speech by pouring cold water up their sleeves for every bad word they used.

A Model for All Time

It was our first colony, and it was a model for all time, busy, thriving, and happy. But Smith's enemies went to and fro in the ships, and poisoned the minds of the company in London against him, so that a new president was sent out, and Captain Smith, the first successful governor of the first successful British colony, returned home, like Columbus, in disgrace.

But at home he found himself more hero than victim, and he lived to spend his last days in peace, writing and preaching the gospel of a new and greater England overseas, and preparing the way before he died in London on June 21, 1631, for the men of the Mayflower and the beginning of the United States.

Was he not a hero for Scouts, a hero for us all? He left no children, but his soul goes marching on.

THE GENERAL ACT What It Is All About ONE MORE STEPPING-STONE TO PEACE

After the Mother Government, the Dominions are following in the steps of Peace by signing the General Act of Arbitration. What, exactly, is this Act?

It is a treaty of peaceful settlement prepared by the League of Nations and recommended for world-wide use.

If accepted as a whole, without reservations, it provides for the acceptance in advance of means of peaceful settlement of all kinds of international disputes without any sort of exception. It is so drafted that it can be accepted as a whole or piecemeal, by League Members or by non-Members, between many States or between pairs. The Act is in four chapters.

Four Chapters

Chapter 1 (*Conciliation*) provides that disputes not settled by diplomacy shall be referred to a Conciliation Commission.

Chapter 2 (*Judicial Settlement*) provides that legal disputes concerning rights shall be submitted to the International Court or, if preferred, to an arbitral Tribunal especially set up.

Chapter 3 (*Arbitration*) is the crux of the Treaty, providing that if conciliation fails the dispute shall be referred to a specially constituted Tribunal within the month following the termination of the work of the Conciliation Commission. The Tribunal is to work on the basis of law, but if no law exists applicable to the dispute it shall decide on the basis of equity and fair play.

Chapter 4 (*General Provisions*) provides that while pacific procedure is going on the disputants shall abstain from any action which may aggravate the dispute.

Reservations

Reservations may be made by Governments signing the Act, but only if they fall under three headings: Disputes arising out of facts prior to the Treaty; disputes concerning purely domestic affairs; disputes concerning particular cases or clearly specified subject-matters such as territorial status. If reservations are made the International Court shall decide any disputes concerning them.

France makes a reservation which excludes all disputes arising out of the treaties of peace and Great Britain excludes disputes among members of the British Commonwealth.

BOYS AND GIRLS WITH NOTHING TO DO

It is not commonly realised that among our 2,600,000 or more unemployed there is a considerable number of boys and girls.

At the end of March the numbers of juveniles on the unemployed registers at the Labour Exchanges were: 67,510 boys and 54,261 girls.

This, however, does not show how many unemployed boys and girls there are, because not all of them register at the Labour Exchanges. According to the Ministry of Labour the official estimate of the number of unemployed boys and girls under 18 was no less than 170,000 at the end of 1930, and it is more today.

820,000 POOR

There are now about twice as many people in receipt of Poor Relief, either in money or in kind, in their own homes than before the war.

In March, 1914, the number was 440,000; in March this year it had risen to over 820,000.

This, of course, is quite apart from the question of unemployment benefit. It is paid to persons not eligible for what has come to be called the Dole, often wrongly called the Dole but often, unfortunately, quite rightly called so.

THE GOOD THINGS OF THE WAR

To the writing of war books there is no end.

Year by year they come gushing forth, not like clear and limpid streams, but like the bitter waters of brackish swamps, stressing almost unbearably, most of them, the ugly and degrading aspects of the war. It is right that we should not be allowed to forget its horror; but it is not right that we should be allowed to forget the sublime acts which shine in its history.

It was this consideration which gave a German writer the idea of producing a book which should give documentary proof of the fact that the war years were not lacking in a noble humanity

any more than in heroism. With this idea in mind he has issued an appeal to the public, not merely of his own country but of the world, to supply him with the necessary material.

"The great deeds of humane soldiers in the trenches, on the battlefield, at the dressing-station, and in the prison camp," he writes in this appeal, "deserve to be preserved for posterity at least as much as acts of patriotic self-sacrifice. We have tried the method of scaring the world out of the war spirit; now we must try the better method of awakening a spirit of reconciliation between the fighters. The book we are planning is to serve this purpose."

June 20, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

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BIGGEST KNOWN SUN

450 Times Wider Than Ours

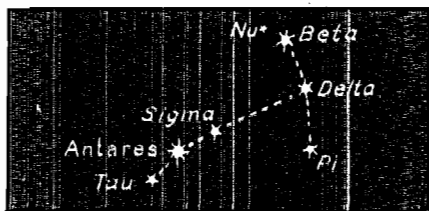
MILLIONS OF DEGREES OF HEAT

By the C.N. Astronomer

Antares, the largest known sun, may now be seen in the late evening low in the southern sky. It is almost due south at 11 o'clock, and its reddish scintillating rays would be unmistakable except for the coming into view of Saturn in the south-east.

Saturn rises at about 10.30 at the beginning of next week and at 10 o'clock by the end, so it is just possible to confuse Antares with Saturn.

The accompanying star-map showing Antares among the stars of the striking constellation of Scorpius will, however, enable this great sun to be identified



The chief stars of Scorpius

beyond all doubt. Moreover, Saturn is not due south until between 2 and 3 in the morning.

Antares is one of the marvels of the heavens on account of its immensity, which is far greater than the circumference of the Earth's orbit. Its diameter of about 390 million miles is 450 times greater than that of our Sun.

Were the centre of Antares as near to us as is the centre of our Sun we would be immersed to the extent of just over a million miles down in the "body" of Antares, whose heat is far beyond anything known on Earth.

For though the surface temperature radiated by Antares averages about 3100 degrees Centigrade, and is not much hotter than the highest temperatures which can be obtained on Earth with the electric furnace and arc-light, yet beneath the surface of this sun the temperatures have been calculated mathematically to run into millions of degrees Centigrade.

Now, though we should find the heat of the interior of Antares so terrific, the substance of this great sun for enormous depths down would be less tangible than the air we breathe; it is on an average just a colossal sphere of radiant vapour at a red heat lashed into furious storms of fire similar to our Sun, but on a much vaster scale, though at a much lower temperature; that of our Sun averaging between 5500 and 6000 degrees Centigrade at the surface.

A Singular Phenomenon

Antares possesses a companion sun that shines with a greenish light which, commingling with the predominant reddish light of Antares, can be seen by the naked eye as a greenish flash involved in his rosy tint when atmospheric conditions are very clear and favourable. This singular phenomenon was noted long before the greenish "companion" was discovered.

This companion is a sun much farther advanced in stellar evolution than Antares, and now belongs to one of the hottest types of suns, the B class. It is enveloped in incandescent helium, with a surface temperature of about 18,000 degrees Centigrade, but is much smaller than Antares and of only 5½ magnitude.

Of course Antares appears so small to us on account of its immense distance, which is about 22,225,000 times as far as our Sun. However, these suns appear to be coming nearer, for while every second they travel 12 miles through space they also get about two miles nearer to us, but so far off are they that no appreciable difference in brightness is likely to be perceived for hundreds of years.

G. F. M.

C. L. N.

A Surprise Packet of Cuttlefish

GOODWILL IS GROWING IN THE WORLD

Number of Members—26,473

Postmen of many countries are being kept busy because so many friendships are being made between members of the Children's League of Nations.

Not long ago a boy who lives at Ratho in Scotland received a very strange present from a Japanese boy who is also a C.L.N. member.

When he opened the parcel he could not have been more surprised had he found it full of snakes and snails and puppy dogs' tails. It was a large packet of cuttlefish, with instructions written in good English as to how to cook it. When we see the fearsome-looking cuttlefish hanging up in the Whale Room of the Victoria and Albert Museum it seems incredible that this fish can be looked on as a special delicacy by Japanese people.

And so goodwill, even when it takes the shape of cuttlefish, is circulating more and more round the world.

These small acts of friendliness are more important than we think. They are little springs helping to increase the tide of goodwill which is fast flooding out envy and suspicion. And this is why it is so important that every member should try to persuade one or more friends to join.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed to:

Children's League of Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

Goodwill to Men—page one

A SPORTING CREW

Drink is an acquired habit, and I know of nobody who liked it when they began to drink it, as I know of few people who like to leave it off when they have once established a taste for it.

I have always collected, as far as possible, officers under me who were good at games and sport. I have always noticed that when they were training for a big match Drink disappeared from their programme, and in one ship, where nearly every member of the wardroom played Rugby (and there were a pretty good lot of them, for we possessed two internationals), one seldom saw a glass of wine on the table. Admiral Mark Kerr

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

When Did the G.W.R. Change From Broad to Narrow Gauge?

The change was begun in 1869 and completed in 1892.

Is it Better to be an Incorporated or a Chartered Accountant?

A chartered accountant, the Institute of Chartered Accountants being the larger body.

Which is the Oldest English Daily Paper?

The Morning Post, first published November 2, 1772. Several of our provincial daily newspapers began as weeklies: The Bristol Times and Mirror, in 1713, for example.

What Are the Origin and Meaning of the Sacred Monogram I.H.S.?

Probably it represents the first three letters of the Greek I H C O U C (Jesus), with the third letter Latinised. There are several versions; the Latin (attributed to St Bernadine of Sienna) meaning 'Jesus the Saviour of Men'.

GOOD NEWS IN A REPORT

Kindness to Animals Spreading

Many happy returns to the Scottish Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which has just issued its ninety-first annual report.

It is a very cheerful document, telling of kindness, not cruelty, all round the world. The society seeks out every society of the same kind in other lands, so that it may learn from them or help them by giving news of humane killers and other merciful inventions. It is internationalism of the highest kind, regardless of caste or creed, an ever-growing circle of merciful people.

Among the good tidings in this report is the news that cattle are no longer shipped by means of ropes attached to the horns at Lobito Bay in Portuguese East Africa. The old way was exceedingly cruel, but it was the only way they knew at Lobito Bay.

Humane Killer and the Koran

The Scottish society heard of the problem, and sent photographs showing a steer riding comfortably through the air in a humane sling. Now the Portuguese Ambassador has approached the Government, and it is believed that the old bad way will not be allowed in any Portuguese port.

We are also told that the Chief Mullah has declared that the use of the humane killer is not in any way against either the teaching of the Koran or the injunctions of the Koran.

This ought to remove the prejudice among Moslem and Jewish circles against the use of this merciful instrument, which really stuns the animal at once and completely, but permits it to be slain afterwards according to the Moslem and the Jewish law.

This is not a pleasant subject for the C.N., but we must not be squeamish if we can spread news which will save animals from suffering.

A New Norwegian Law

There are many other cheerful tales in the report, tales of pack animals whose loads have been lightened in the East, and of improvement in the transport of worn-out horses in Italy, and also of a new Norwegian law causing all animals to be stunned before killing.

Besides this there is a long tale of Scottish ponies pensioned after a lifetime in the mines, of brave men who have risked much to rescue lambs from flood or horses from fire, and of rewards for kindness rather than punishments for cruelty. The society is usually able to check ill-usage by a letter, and tries not to bring offenders to prison except in cases of deliberate brutality.

When it is a case of ignorance or poverty the society takes the over-worked horse for a rest to its farm and lends a sound horse to take its place, so saving the poor coster from ruin.

This document of good news may be had from the head offices, 19, Melville Street, Edinburgh.

MYSTIFYING THE CHEMIST

A New Kind of Explosion

A very peculiar thing has been discovered at Oxford by Dr H. W. Thompson.

It is an explosion which does not take place with one big bang, but continues to go bang every minute or so for some time, rather like a lethargic Chinese cracker. The explosion is caused by igniting a mixture of oxygen and sulphuretted hydrogen under special conditions.

Even in these advanced days of the chemistry of explosives this cracker effect is a complete mystery.



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is the food for this age of energy

Because its wealth in proteins and Vitamin 'B' ensures correct nutrition and good digestion, fosters growth in the young, repairs muscular tissues in the adult and generates that abounding energy which is essential to success in every phase of modern life. Eat it at least once a day.

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Best Bakers Bake it.

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NOW... SHE IS HAPPY!



"Before we began giving Patricia her regular system cleansing with 'California Syrup of Figs,' she would get cross, fretful, and sick often," says her mother. "Now she is always so happy, rosy-checked, full of energy that I never have a moment's anxiety about her."

Whenever a child shows by coated tongue, headaches, feverishness, lack of energy and appetite, that the system needs help, do not hesitate. Just give a little "California Syrup of Figs."

It is better still to avoid all chance of upsets and keep your child in fine condition by regular weekly system cleansing with this pure vegetable product, loved by children; endorsed by doctors; proved safe, gentle and effective by millions of mothers. Your chemist will recommend it, 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle. Emphasise the word "California" when buying and no mistake will be made.

**"CALIFORNIA
SYRUP OF FIGS"**

IDEAL LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN

**DO YOU CLEAN
YOUR TEETH AT
BEDTIME?**



If you go to bed without brushing your teeth every night you run the risk of toothache sooner or later; and that is not only painful but also keeps you from being as well as you might be.

So, clean your teeth at least twice a day, morning and evening—evening is the most important.

IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED

**Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE**

fill in and post the coupon below and a sample will be sent for you to use every evening for at least a week.

COUPON To Euthymol (Dept. S.I.A.A.2),
50, Beak St., London, W.1.
Please send me a free sample of Euthymol
Tooth Paste.

Name.....
Address.....
(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

HENRY FORD'S HISTORY OF THE AMERICANS FROM COLONIST'S BUGGY TO FORD CAR

One Great Man Gives His Idea
as a Memorial to Another

THE EDISON INSTITUTE

Every writer of history sees the pageant from a different angle, and each believes that the best view is from his seat.

That great American, Henry Ford, having taken a look over each historian's shoulder, declared that history was rubbish; but the pageant went on in spite of him, and now he has discovered a view of it which he thinks is excellent. "Most interesting," he chuckles, and claps his hands.

From the Engineer's Seat

And with little more than a clap of the hands he is transforming into solid form that part of the pageant of history that so caught his fancy—the view from the engineer's seat.

Near his experimental laboratories at Dearborn, in Michigan, he is reconstructing the social history of America, the progress in invention and efficiency, in comfort and taste, and all that goes to build up the national life as it is. Here will be shown everything used by the first colonists, from their crude farm implements and log cabins, through the changes and developments, to the modern farm tractors and the electrically-run house of the future. Everything within the house and everything used outside, the industrial machinery, and every sort of vehicle, from covered wagon and buggy to Mr Ford's own motor-cars, will be on view.

A Moving Picture

These things will not be displayed as in a museum. There is to be very little still life about this wonderful collection. Rather it is to be a moving picture. Students in every branch of technical study at the school which is to be part of the scheme will be occupied with the exhibits. Those studying the history of machines will be able to use some of the first forms of those machines. In so doing they will see the scheme of things as a whole and will be able to continue the idea in their own experiments.

An old carding mill has already arrived from Plymouth in Michigan. In it students will be able to operate all kinds of looms, from the primitive throw-shuttle type to the modern automatic machine. Several young fellows have already woven on some of the old looms the beautiful cloths made in those early days before machinery; and many of the workers in this busy village of Dearborn have for their daily bread whole wheat flour ground at the century-old stone grist mill now worked by the students.

Students to Re-Live the Past

As most of the exhibits will be in use it follows that the things shown are not to appear as antiques, but as they looked when they were originally used. The pewter and brass are being polished up and their dents smoothed out; old furniture is made to look spick and span. This museum is for the student who does not wish only to look back upon the past but actually to re-live it; to become familiar with the old things and not put them on a pedestal to be gazed at.

A few things will be there just to be looked at; the footprints of Thomas Edison, for instance, made when he dug with Luther Burbank's spade the first sod of the museum foundations. The spade is here, and also Luther Burbank's workshop from Santa Rosa. The gaunt building near is the Court House from Logan County in which Abraham Lincoln first practised law.

The type of home from which some of the colonists came is represented by

THE SOIL OF EGYPT Pumping Out the Salt

ONE OF THE WORLD'S
GREATEST DRAINING SCHEMES

The Manchester firm of Vickers has received an order for £200,000 worth of machinery and control gear from the Egyptian Government, to be used for one of the greatest draining schemes ever attempted.

Over 2000 square miles of barren land in the Nile Delta is to be washed, as the C.N. Map reported recently. The soil is full of salt, and fresh water is to be carried over it in a network of canals which will make artificial floods. As the water drains through the soil it will dissolve the salt and carry it off to special drains. In 15 pumping stations 68 British pumps will lift the salt to sea-level and pour it into the Mediterranean and into three lakes not far away.

Siemens of Woolwich are to make apparatus for the transmission of current over this great area. Three power stations will provide the current; and there will be outdoor sub-stations at each pumping centre where giant transformers will convert the current to the smaller pressures required.

Lightning arresters and automatic isolating switches will protect the high-pressure apparatus against both Nature and man. White marble panels in the pumping stations will contain the small instruments and switches by which these great forces will be controlled.

THE BURNING MIRROR New Way of Melting Metals

Everyone is familiar with the burning-glass, a simple lens which will focus the Sun's rays upon some object, making it so hot as to catch fire. A concave mirror will, of course, do the same thing; it will bring all the rays of light which strike it to a focus.

There is a wonderful ancient mirror in the Artillery Museum at Stockholm which legend says was used to defend the Swedish coast from attack by enemy ships. When a hostile vessel approached the mirror was rushed to the seashore and placed in the sun so that the rays would be focused upon the ship and set it on fire.

We do not know with what success this wonderful mirror was used, but the fact remains that it is in existence. What is more important is that it has served as an inspiration to two Swedish scientists who have made a furnace for melting metals by the use of just such a mirror and an electric arc lamp in place of the Sun.

At a recent demonstration of the furnace a crucible was heated to 2100 degrees Centigrade by the concentrated rays. A piece of platinum is said to have been melted in four minutes and actually brought to the boil.

Continued from the previous column

a 16th-century limestone cottage and stables brought from our Cotswold Hills, together with some Cotswold pigeons for its dovecot. In the stables are a Shetland pony and Sir Walter Scott's pony phaeton from Abbotsford.

Besides the regular students attached to the college arrangements will be made for guest students, technically trained men who wish to increase their knowledge in certain fields; and visiting students, probably whole classes from schools and technical colleges. The Dearborn Inn to accommodate them is nearly finished. It overlooks the Ford airport; and a special railway will also be built.

It is a splendid idea, wonderfully carried out; and perhaps one of the nicest things about it is that Henry Ford has not given his own name to it, but has given his idea as a concrete memorial to the man he admires more than any other American; it is to be called the Edison Institute of Technology.

SAVING IRON AND STEEL

Industry's Appeal to the
Government

200,000 MEN AFFECTED

Both employers and employed in our all-important iron and steel trades, are asking the Government to give serious attention to their case.

The men who work in the industry speak through the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation, and they have told the Prime Minister that they consider the state of their industry parlous. They also urge the Government to prohibit the importation of iron and steel from countries where wage rates and hours of labour are below British standards.

Unemployment and Low Wages

The iron and steel men, who number about 200,000, have nearly half of their members out of work.

That is serious enough, and it is accentuated by the fact that wages in the iron and steel trades are very low.

Let us understand how this is. For long years it has been the custom in the iron and steel trade to vary wages with the price of the metal. Therefore when iron and steel are cheap the men get very low wages.

At the present time in the heavy steel trades the low price of steel has such an effect on wages that the men really get less than before the war because their remuneration does not compensate them for the rise in the cost of living.

National Control Asked For

The men press for some sort of national control of the industry. They urge that the trade should be organised suitably in districts under a Public Utilities Corporation, something like that which has successfully dealt with the Port of London. They also urge that with such an authority the imports of iron and steel could be properly regulated, while the consumer of iron and steel could be protected against unfair prices.

A NEW WIRELESS WONDER FOR THE HOME

Is there an item in the wireless programme which specially appeals to you? If so you may make a record of it and hear it again on your gramophone.

A wireless firm has perfected a device which makes this possible. A special type of recorder which can be attached to the wireless set in place of the loud speaker, complete with volume control, and a set of blank records are to be sold for about five pounds.

The new pastime of making records should become very popular.

SOMETHING FRESH IN SWITZERLAND

A cold water spring, acting like a geyser and erupting regularly every fifteen minutes, made its appearance not long ago in Switzerland. No other is known in the whole Alpine region.

This one started into action in the course of digging operations in the Engadine valley near Tarasp-Schuls, a fashionable spa well known to visitors, with an ancient castle perched on the top of a hill in a stage-like setting.

The cause of this natural fountain seems to be an accumulating store of carbon dioxide, which finds an outlet at regular intervals when the natural reservoir in which it collects is full.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

The Good Samaritan would have taken a very different place in history if he had thought he had discharged his responsibility to his distressed neighbour by buying a sweepstake ticket in the Jericho Hospital Scheme.

Mr Isaac Foot, M.P.

THE BIG FIVE

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 21

Pickles Is Frightened

TRYTTON had pronounced himself in dead earnest. He was the picture of it.

Quiet, calm-eyed, competent, there he stood. "Like a person who is consecrating himself to some purpose." To what purpose, he wondered, was Trytton consecrating himself?

Trytton uttered again, "I'm in dead earnest, Pickles."

Pickles said, "About what?" But nervously this time, being of a sudden alarmed for his friend. But why? And in what way?

He could not have told you outright, but the feeling was there, that dim feeling of fear for his friend.

He turned his face up to Trytton. It just reached Trytton's shoulder.

"What's the matter, old boy?" he asked rather gently.

Trytton did not break into a laugh as he might have done last term at this face, so comically baffled, looking up so. He answered:

"What am I driving at? That's what you mean, Mixed One."

"Yes," said the Mixed One gruffly, ashamed of himself for sounding as if he cared any way.

Mark Trytton had left, though he ought to be here still. All right, then. It wasn't his, Pickles's, doing, so what did he care? He was sick of it.

All this he tried to put thoroughly into his face as he changed it and kept it turned up fiercely to Trytton.

And then Trytton's own face relaxed and his laugh did escape from him.

"Oh, Mixed One, why are you scowling at me?" he asked.

The Mixed One replied, "I'm not scowling. I'm looking fed-up."

"With me?"

The Mixed One hesitated, but let out a growl.

"Then what about a game of Fives?"

"Presently, Trytton. I want to know first what's still worrying you so about old Mark."

And this the Mixed One brought out with a defiant blurt.

"I thought you knew."

"I only know what you've told me. That he was expelled. All right, he was then. That's all. I agree it was bad luck, but it needn't worry you. I mean you can't alter it, so don't take it to heart so."

For a moment Trytton kept silence.

"Pickles," he said then, "you told me last term that I couldn't keep long on the same tack?"

"I remember," said Pickles.

"All right. I am going to show you how wrong you were. I've come back this term determined to keep on one tack, on one and the same tack, till I've seen it right through."

Pickles stared.

"What tack?" he said. "You can't undo anything that's been done to your brother." He looked at Trytton uneasily and moved his legs restlessly. "So what about Fives?" he broke off. "You go and fetch the balls while I bag a court. We mustn't play here, so I'll meet you in one of our courts."

But Trytton made no movement.

"Can't I?" he answered.

On this Pickles bridled.

"No; you can't!" he insisted hotly. "You can't bring your brother back here; you know you can't!"

"I can't bring Mark back to Sandhill. No, I suppose not. I don't suppose he'd care to return if I could. But do you think Mark played the low-down trick on old Fitch?" Trytton had never told Pickles of his meeting with Fitch; he had kept that to himself for some misty reason which he could neither shape nor define, but which had persisted.

"Pickles, do you think Mark would play a low trick?"

"No; I don't."

"Then can't you, or won't you, see what I'm driving at, Pickles?"

"Not altogether," the Mixed One replied with a frown.

"But somebody served old Fitch that dirty turn, Pickles! I don't know who it was, but somebody did."

"A townie," sniffed Pickles disdainfully.

"No; one of the chaps in the school."

"How do you know that?" gaped Pickles.

"How can you know that?"

"I told you just now how my brother boggled with me when I tried to get out of him if he knew who'd done it. I told you, Pickles, how he fenced with the question.

But I stuck to him until he practically did admit, Pickles, that he more than suspected somebody in the school—"

"Whom?"

"He was like a man lost in a dark wood, as I told you. All he suspected was that some other chap in the school had had something to do with it, and that that other chap ought to have stood in his shoes."

Pickles pursed his lips.

"But if your brother suspected someone he must have suspected somebody definite," he said. "He could hardly suspect without something to go on, and in that case his suspicion pointed to some particular fellow. That's logic."

"Oh, bother you and your logic," Trytton said, smiling. "Pickles, I rather dodged your question just now. Just as old Mark dodged me I was dodging you. Because I fancied"—he faltered—"that you weren't—er—so keen."

"That means Mark knew whom he suspected!" Pickles grunted.

"I believe he did," said Trytton, under his breath almost. "I believe he strongly suspects one particular man. But he wouldn't even admit that, or mention a name. I tried all I could, but I couldn't drag any more out of him. It's finished with. Let it drop. Let it drop," he kept telling me."

"Then why don't you?"

"Not I. I am going to clear old Mark's name," said Trytton firmly.

CHAPTER 22

Trytton Starts His Job

YOU are wrong if you suppose Trytton uttered these words with any strut or flourish or rant or any self-consciousness. He uttered them calmly and simply, and he used them because they were the first to come into his head. He did not fling them at his friend as an actor might have done, or lend to them any pose or smug satisfaction. He was not talking big. He was not showing off. And the Mixed One knew this well, because he knew that it wasn't in his friend to talk big or show off.

Or to brag. It wasn't in Trytton to brag. And, knowing this, the Mixed One looked terribly troubled.

"Old boy," he whispered, "you've no idea what you're in for."

It is noticeable that he did not try to dissuade Trytton. But he breathed with a world of trouble in his voice now.

"You seriously mean not to rest till you've found who that chap was?"

"Yes," said Trytton, very quietly still.

"And are you as seriously certain he's one of our people?"

"No, almost certain," said Trytton.

"But I mean to make sure first."

"To make sure first?"

"Yes. That's the first step, of course," Trytton said. "To make sure that he came from the school. And then to unearth him."

"But I don't see how you can make sure he came from the school."

"Of course I can. The Head himself must have been sure, or Mark wouldn't have suffered for it. The Head must have traced it first to the school. But then, unfortunately, he picked the wrong man."

Pickles nodded.

"Yes, I'd forgotten that," he confessed. "If the Head hadn't proved that the fellow belonged to the school he'd have said: 'I'm sorry, but it isn't my business.' Yes; I see your point now, Trytton. You are talking nothing for granted."

"No; nothing," said Trytton. "So what I've got to do first is to find out how the thing was traced to the school."

"Yes, I see that; you've naturally got to begin at the beginning. Though in what way you're going to do it beats me," sighed Pickles; and the face he turned up to his friend's was full of distress still.

"You've set yourself a ghastly job, Trytton," he warned. "You may be butting up against anyone—anyone!"

"I'm not looking forward to it," Trytton assured him. "But it's my job," he added, with a touch of his usual light manner.

"And now I'm sick of talking. Let's have some Fives."

So they played their Fives. There was one who played absent-mindedly and the other as a gladiator stripped for the fray. It was Pickles who played with half his mind off the game.

Trytton had been thinking out how to start. Manifestly he could not go to the Head, not only on account of his promise to Mark but also because such approach was preposterous. Fancy, he had told himself with a grin, a new kid like himself

Continued on the next page

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marching up to the Head and calmly asking him to go back on his judgments by re-opening the affair!

"Why, Trytton?" he could hear the Head's cold rejoinder.

"Please, sir, because I am sure my brother didn't do it!"

"Oh! And what makes you think that your brother did not do it? Don't you know I inquired?"

"Yes, sir. But I know Mark couldn't do anything low-down."

No more cause than that, plus a private impression that Mark himself secretly suspected somebody else.

No; naturally he could not go to the Head till he had something more definite to go upon.

He had glanced next at the notion of consulting H. L. He might, he had thought, try at least to sound that good fellow. He could trust H. L., who would enter into his feelings. But how could he go to H. L. behind the Head's back?

What would H. L. answer at once?

"Have you been to the Headmaster, Trytton?"

"And when he said 'No, sir,' H. L. would frown for a moment. And then he would probably say that he was only a Form Master, and had nothing to do with the matter. 'And I know nothing of its ins and outs,' he might add. 'But, in any case, I could not interfere, Trytton.'"

No; he couldn't go to H. L.

Besides, he remembered, he knew someone better to go to. By what strange chance had old Fitch been thrown in his way; or had he been thrown in old Fitch's, that day at the villa? Who could tell him better than Fitch what had actually happened?

For his start was so plain: it was to find out the facts of the trick. Then he would have some foundations to build upon.

What had he to build on at present? He merely had this: that something had occurred last June at the ferry, that a row had resulted, that the Head had inquired in consequence. And that in July, not before, only just at the term's end, those inquiries had succeeded in fixing the blame on his brother.

So far that was all that he had to go upon. Except that the Head must have met with a check or could hardly have been so long in nailing the blame down. Could it be,

Continued in the last column

JACKO'S BRIGHT IDEA

BELINDA'S husband was feeling very pleased with himself.

"A stroke of luck, my dear!" he said as he came in. "I've found a house."

"Where?" asked Belinda.

But when Joe told her her face fell.

"That wretched little place by the mill pond!" she exclaimed. "Why, it's nothing but a box!"

"It's all I can afford," said Joe.

Belinda said no more to her husband; but she said a good deal to her mother.

"We'll never get the wardrobe in," wailed Belinda.

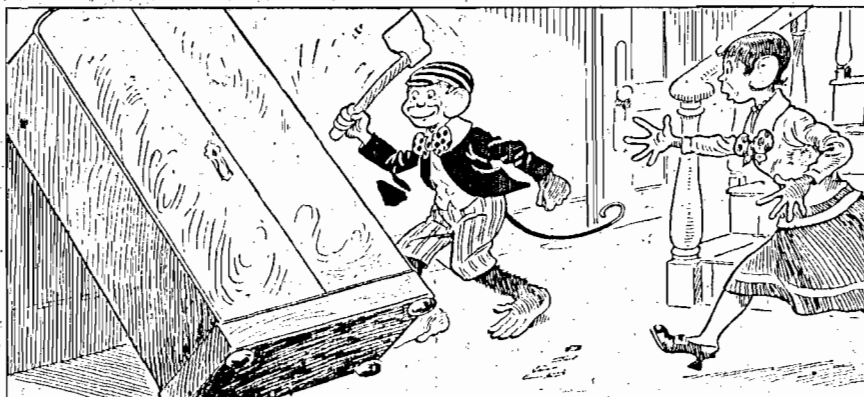
"Don't you worry!" said the man.

"I'll cut it in half and join it up again in sections."

And off he went for his tools.

Belinda was aghast at the idea, till Joe assured her it was done every day.

"Ours won't get done today—or tomorrow either," said Belinda, when they had waited some time, "if he doesn't hurry up."



Belinda had the shock of her life

"It's a poky little place," agreed Mother Jacko. "When are you moving?"

"Joe knows a man who has a horse and van," said Belinda. "He's to bring it round one day when he's not busy."

"I'll give you a hand," volunteered Jacko. "You let me know when you're ready and I'll be there."

And so he was. He was waiting on the doorstep when the van arrived.

Joe's friend did a lot of puffing and blowing getting the things out. Never in all his life, he declared, had he come across such a small house.

"Ha!" murmured Jacko. "This is where I come in, Belinda!"

But Belinda had gone upstairs.

When she came down poor Belinda had the shock of her life. The wardrobe had been turned on its side, and Jacko was standing before it brandishing the chopper.

It took her a long time to convince him that the place to halve a wardrobe is not across the polished doors, but down the back. Jacko went off disgusted.

"If you want anything else done," he said, "you can do it yourself."

then, that the inquiries had come up at first against a blank wall, and that, concluding that the affair had nothing to do with the school, the Head had been on the point of abandoning them when some fresh evidence had turned up which pointed at Mark? Was not that, reasoned Trytton, the likeliest thing to assume from the long interval between the act, whatever it was, and his brother's expulsion?

But how would it help himself? Well, it might help considerably. He would keep it in mind, at any rate, when he saw Fitch.

But first, said he, to take a squint at the old ferry.

He had never been there before. He found it quite close, at the end of the sandhills nearest St Simeon's Head, where the stream which narrowed down till it emptied itself into the sea intersected the sandy soil of the dunes. On these dunes were the golf links, running right up to Northam Point and then back as far as the stone wall beside the railway. But to reach the ferry he had only to walk briskly for ten minutes, provided he took the short cut, as he now did.

He timed himself; for that might come in useful, he thought. At a trot a fellow might cover the distance in seven minutes.

He made this the opening note in the little book which he started to assist his memory.

From school to this side of ferry, fast going, seven minutes, he wrote.

The boat was being pulled across to the links as he arrived. It was half-way across. He counted five golfers in it, and saw that it was being pulled by a sturdy young man. He found a small wooden slip to embark from on this side; on the other side you stepped out on the grass and climbed up the bank. Beside the timbered slip was a stake and a tie-rope. So when the boat was not in use it would lie there. All jolly and primitive, he commented inwardly.

How did the golfers who wanted to come back summon the boat? By a shout, he supposed? But that didn't matter so much—at least, not for his purpose. Though it might possibly have a bearing; who could tell? Therefore down it went as the second note in his book.

It was his intention to be very thorough in this business.

TO BE CONTINUED

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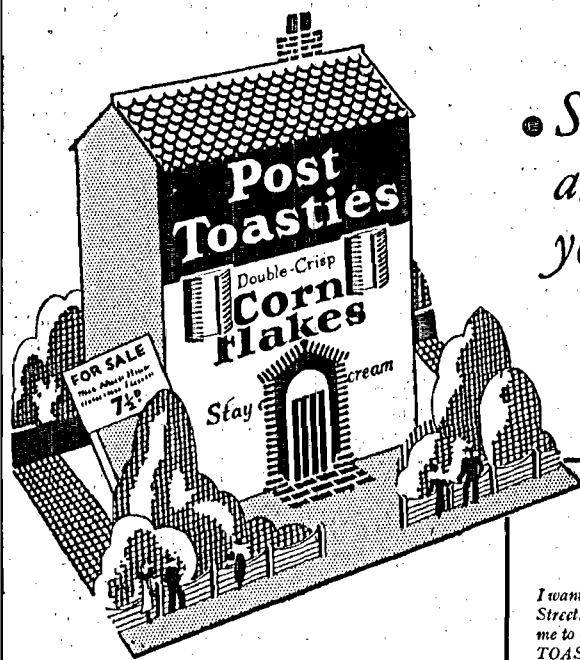
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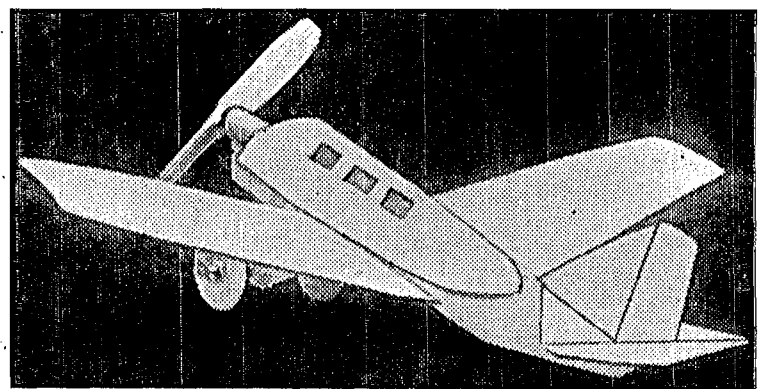
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June 20, 1931

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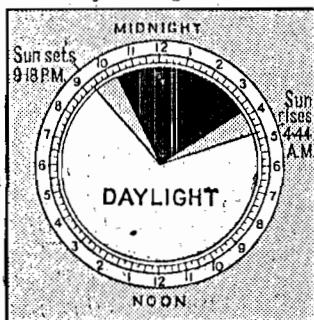
THE BRAN TUB

Uncle's Problem

UNCLE JACK had three nieces and four nephews staying with him for the week-end. He wanted to give them some pocket-money, so he took all the change out of his pocket and counted it. "Well," he said, "I can divide this equally among the seven of you so that each will receive ten shillings less than the total amount."

How was the money divided?
Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



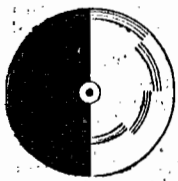
Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. June 22 is the longest day.

A Paper Tool

WHEN driving a small screw we sometimes find it awkward to hold in position with our fingers while giving it the first few turns. A simple way out of this difficulty is to thrust the screw through one end of a strip of stiff paper, which enables us to hold the screw wherever it is required. The paper can be torn away when the screw has been driven in.

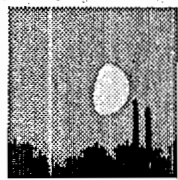
A Colour Top

AN interesting top which, though just black and white, will give fascinating colour effects is made in this way. Cut a disc of white card four inches in diameter and mark it as shown in the sketch. A short piece of pencil may be pushed through the centre to form a peg. Spin the top in the direction of the hands of a clock, and the outer lines will appear a greenish blue, the centre lines reddish, while those near the middle will be a yellow-green shade. If the top is spun in the opposite direction the order of the colours is reversed. The colours are brightest in a strong artificial light, but good effects are secured in daylight close to a window.



Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter is in the North-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Wednesday, June 24.



The Turtle Dove

YOUNG turtle doves are now being hatched. They are covered with yellowish down, and not until their second year do they get their full plumage.

A full-grown bird is about a foot long; the neck and breast are pinkish-white and the wings rusty brown with black spots. It comes to England from Africa for the summer. The nest, in low trees and hedges, is carelessly built.

The gentle devotion of a pair of turtle doves has become proverbial.

Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, when placed one below the other, will form a square of words.

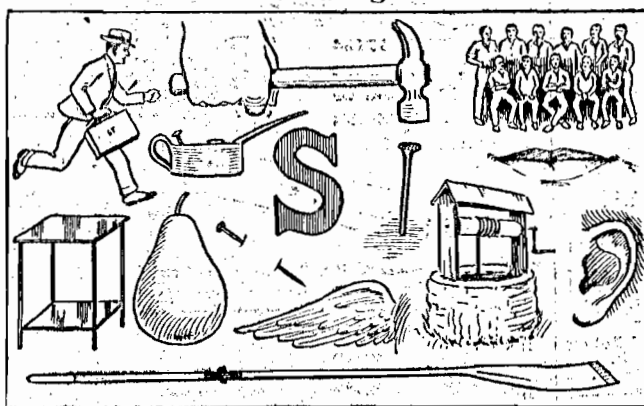
Not open. Speedy quadruped. Large vessels for making tea or coffee. Trial. *Answer next week*

Scott's Waterloo

THE critics were very disappointed when Scott wrote a poem called Waterloo. It failed to reach the standard which was expected of a man of his genius, and one critic wrote of it:

On Waterloo's ensanguined plain
Fell twice ten thousand of the slain,
But none by sabre or by shot—
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

A Word-Making Puzzle



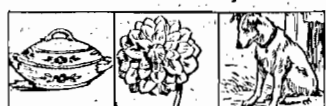
FIND the words represented by these drawings. Then prefix them with the letter S, making a new word in each case. *Answer next week*

A Mathematical Oddity

TAKE the number of your house (say 12), double it (24), add five (29), multiply by fifty (1450), add your age (say 14—1464), add the number of days in the year (1829), and subtract 615. The result is 1214, the first part being your house number and the second your age.

No matter what those two numbers may be, they will always appear together in the answer.

Ici On Parle Français



La soupière Le dahlia Le chien
Le potage est dans la soupière.
Quels beaux dahlias vous avez là!
Le chien n'obéit qu'à son maître.

A Charade

MY first is three-quarters of four,
My middle is just what it should be,
My last you may say if you can,
My whole's what the answer may be. *Answer next week*

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Central Acrostic: Absent Scholars, 18
In the Garden Flowers
Look in the Atlas
Peru, Crete, Cuba,
Burma, Rumania.
A Queer Fish, 72 ins.
In Code Mary had a little lamb, and so on. The next letter in the alphabet is used.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

D I N R E P L Y O K A P I
O R B O G E E A R E A I N
M E A T T E A S E R I T
I S N A R E N P S A N E
N O O N O R A S S E T I R
A N U N U S E D A Y W E
N W A I T R E A L G A S
T W I L L R E M I T A N T

Dr MERRYMAN

Pride—And the Fall

JONES was looking very pleased with himself.

"So Blank said I was a polished gentleman, did he? What were his exact words?"

"He said you were a slippery fellow."

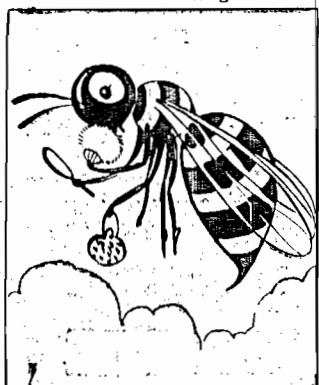
Settled

DOCTOR and patient had been acquainted for many years. "Now, remember," said the doctor, during an interview, "no smoking, no theatres or cinemas, no golf—"

"But whatever shall I do?" interrupted the patient.

"Save your money to pay that last bill of mine," replied the medical man.

An Awful Thought



So fast a foolish habit grows
That, as this little picture shows,
We soon shall see the wasps and things,
And other pests that haven't wings,
Adopt this vulgar habit too,
And powder in the public view.

Quite Young

THE house agent's clerk was showing them over a charming little place.
"I like this immensely," said the lady, "but it's very small."
"Why, of course it is, madam," replied the clerk. "You must remember it is only two years old."

Me and I

BLACK: Old Boreleigh certainly is a wonderful talker.
Green: Yes; he gives a good account of himself.

Growth

HE had only recently found it necessary to shave, but he was rather proud of the fact:
"Shaving is just a habit one gets used to," he said airily.
"Yes," replied his father, "and a beard is something that grows on one."

A HAPPY ENDING

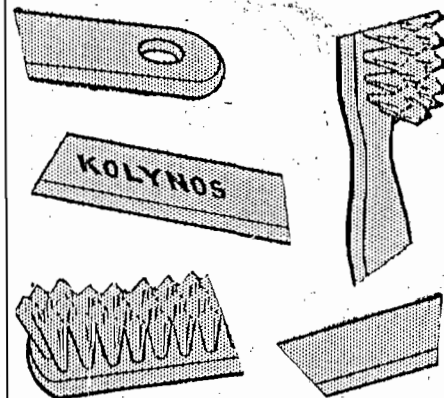
frightened child over to the care of an anxious nurse.

In the evening when he returned to his cottage there was a note waiting for him.

"Joe," exclaimed Susan, who had read it, "it's from the squire, saying he would never feel safe with his child on that pony again and, as a return for having prevented what might have been a very nasty accident, he offers the horse to us."

"Well, I never!" said Joe, dropping into the nearest chair. "They do say one man's meat is another man's poison, but to us this is manna sent from heaven!"

Mouseie was able to retire gracefully into the country, where she spent a very happy old age.



Every morning, every night
Let this help you keep teeth white

You will soon discover what these curious pieces represent, for it is something you use, or ought to, every day.

Take a small pair of scissors (not Mother's nail scissors!) and cut out the pieces neatly. Fit them together and paste them on a postcard with your name and address. Then send it to the address below and you will receive by return of post a free sample tube of delicious Kolynos.

Half an inch of creamy Kolynos on a dry brush, rubbed up and down and round and round your teeth, will keep them white and clean. The Kolynos foam penetrates into every little crevice and washes out everything that should not be there. Kolynos-cleaned teeth are beautiful and germ free.

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FIVE-MINUTE STORY

MOUSIE the pony had done twelve years' good and faithful service.

Life had not been very eventful, as she belonged to a little market-gardener who lived in a small cottage in the very heart of the country. Every Wednesday and Saturday she jogged into the nearest town with her mistress, with the cart piled high with the week's produce, stopping at each door down the long, heavily populated streets that led into the city.

Mouseie had enjoyed her life, though. In her youth she had given all the children rides, but now they had grown up and gone abroad and Mouseie was left with Joe and his wife. She had liked the work in the green fields,

but there was no doubt she was tired of those Wednesday and Saturday trips along the hard highways.

Then a terrible thing happened. Mouseie went lame! The little gardener could not possibly afford to buy another horse—it had been a bad winter—and yet there was no means of getting the vegetables into the town, their only means of livelihood.

Joe and his wife were at their wits' end. No Wall Street crash could have hit a man harder than the going lame of Mouseie hit these two country folk.

It was a beautiful sunny morning; Joe was about early in the fields. Suddenly he heard the clattering of hoofs and the shrill scream of a

child. He rushed to the roadside in time to see the child of the Manor fly past on a runaway horse, too frightened to pull hard enough on the reins.

"I must stop that horse," said Joe, "or that child will be killing herself."

He knew he could never catch the horse up by running after it, but he hoped that by taking a short cut across the wood he would cut off a bend in the road and arrive in front of the horse farther along.

This is just what did happen. Joe, running as he had not run for years, caught the horse's bridle and threw his whole weight on it. Rearing and plunging, the pony came to a standstill.

He led the horse back to the Manor, and handed the